The Nation.

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The Week.

It was early in August that Attorney-General Bonaparte oracularly announced: "You will hear from me about Harriman within a month." That did not refer to the question of immunity for the Alton Road in the Standard Oil rebate case. It was personal to Mr. Harriman. The Attorney-General was, at the time, pining for the sight of a very rich man in jail. Nothing less would really satisfy him. And the purport of his announcement was that, if an equally impatient country would only wait a month, it would then learn whether Mr. Harriman was to be criminally prosecuted. But more than a month has passed, and silence is still like a poultice healing the blows of Mr. Bonaparte's August sound. Instead of hearing from him about Harriman, we get only vague reports that he is giving his mind to minor amendments of the Anti-Trust law. In view of all this, Mr. Harriman might well repeat his famous question, "Where do I stand?" Whatever other doubts there may be about this business, there can be no doubt that all the delay and hesitation and unkept promises have been due, not to scruples about the law, but about policy. This is what has stayed the Attorney-General's hand. And it has steadily been the opinion of men in touch both with the railways and Oyster Bay, that no action would be begun by the Government against Mr. Harriman. Various cynical reasons have been given. On some ground or other, however, it is generally agreed that the prosecution of Harriman has been given up. He will not "hear from" the Attorney-General. But politically, one thing is certain. If the President and his party stop content with what is called a "moral" victory, leaving the great offenders unwhipped of justice, a very taking cry will be put into the mouth of Mr. Bryan. He has already asked Mr. Taft why none of the rich criminals have been put in prison; and Mr. Taft has weakly responded that he, too, would like to see them there, but does not know how to get them behind the bars. Bryan, however, will know—that is, for campaign purposes. Out of power, he will have no difficulty in saying what he would do in power. It will be all very well for the Republicans to assert that they have put the fear of the law into the hearts of magnates; but temporary fright is no such deterrent to crime as the sheer fall of the sword of justice. When that weapon has actually descended, it is not necessary to cast about for "moral victories."

The New York *Times* and the Brooklyn *Eagle* have simultaneously canvassed Southern Democratic opinion, as expressed through Southern editors, in regard to Bryan. According to both reports, while Bryan has a much larger following than any other Democrat mentioned for the nomination, he has today nothing like the virtually unanimous Southern support which was promised when he returned from his world-tour, and before he delivered his Madison Square Garden speech. There are few Southern Democrats who would bolt Bryan's nomination, but there are a good many whose minds are on other men. There is an interesting outcropping of sentiment favorable to the nomination of Roosevelt by the Democrats. The *Eagle* calls attention to the small space which issues like Imperialism and tariff reform occupy in its six and a half columns of letters. One might infer that the South is now protectionist and has no interest in our dependencies; but it is not hard to account for such a subordination of issues to candidates. The Southern Democrats want to win. They supported Parker in the convention of 1904 because they believed he would be a strong candidate in the North. Their advocacy of Bryan has waxed and waned largely because of changing views about his prospects. We do not believe Bryan's nomination next year to be by any means inevitable. The most effective argument against him, however, is likely to be not denunciation of his views in themselves, but demonstration of the practical impossibility of his carrying the doubtful States. A Republican who could hold the devotion of his party's rank and file as Bryan has done would be an ideal candidate. But the Democratic nominee must achieve a great deal more. He must gain the votes of many Republicans; and Mr. Bryan is one of the last men who could accomplish this feat.

If the United States Supreme Court had been constituted to try nothing but anti-Trust cases, we fancy that there would have been considerable protest, altogether apart from Mr. Moody's personal and legal attainments, against the appointment, as justice, of the Attorney-General who presented the Government's side of most of these cases. Yet Justice Moody, who refrains from sitting in the causes which he instituted as Attorney-General, can still do his share of the work of the court in connection with other proceedings. But the appointment of Harry K. Daugherty to the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission cannot be looked at in quite the same light. The Commission hears nothing but Spanish Treaty cases, and Mr. Daugherty, as Assistant Attorney-General, prepared a majority of those cases. If Mr. Daugherty is as scrupulous as Mr. Moody he may not earn his salary; while the idea that he may be less scrupulous and sit as judge where he once served as advocate, has already caused the resignation of ex-Senator W. E. Chandler, chairman of the Commission. It perhaps deserves mention that the parties who fancy themselves aggrieved, namely, the claimants against the Government, are those very American citizens whose sufferings under Spanish misrule in Cuba were making every patriotic American heart bleed ten years ago. We wonder whether, in those days, the appointment by Spain of a quasi-judicial officer who had already taken sides energetically against our countrymen would have been left out of the list of abuses which caused the war.

Some one in authority should stir up the Navy Department's designers. Here we are professing to be a great naval Power, and looking for the biggest and best ships afloat. But on Friday last the Department awarded contracts for five turbine torpedo-boat destroyers with a guaranteed speed of only twenty-four knots. Yet, on September 7, the latest English destroyer, the Cossack, attained a speed of 33½ knots, and since then a German destroyer has approached the 33-knot mark. Similar inattention to speed has marked most of the designs of the Bureau of Construction and Repair. It is bad enough that it should be accused of blundering in the designing of our battleships, but the American people ought at least to have as fast ships for their money as other nations obtain. It would be impossible to think of England or Japan giving out contracts for 24-knot destroyers at this stage of naval development. President Roosevelt could well afford to devote some of the time and energy given to the dangerous and useless cruise of the battleships in the Pacific, to a complete overhauling of the Navy Department. If he does not, Congress should.

We may be able to send our battleship fleet to the Pacific without affronting Japan, or any other friendly nation, but interests at home are not so complacent. Here, to begin with, are the shipping men. They are to be deprived, if the Administration can find a way to deprive them legally, of the sacred right to monopolize the carrying trade between American ports. And this on the plea, forsooth, that the cost of carrying supplies in American bottoms would be "excessive and unreasonable." Con-

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gress, impressed with the plight of the unfortunate shipping industry, tried to put a double lock on its special preserves. After ordering tonnage and lighthouse dues, of one dollar per ton on foreign vessels, it subsequently provided that such vessels must not enter the coastwise trade at all. While the Administration thinks it has a way of evading the latter law, there is apparently no way around the former, and the extra dues imposed on the foreign vessels will bring their rates on naval coal nearly or quite as high as those charged by American owners. But what a confession the whole episode is. The doctrine that Americans ought to be paid more than foreigners under all circumstances, that no price within reason is too high if only we pay it to Americans, pervades the Republican statute-book. Yet this is the second time that a Republican Administration has tried to throw the doctrine overboard when it had large plans to execute. And while the coal dealers and the shipowners are bewailing their fate, what about the thousands of honest workmen in the Eastern navy yards who, having no ships on which to work, will be left without occupation till the great cruise is over?

The American Newspaper Publishers' Association, at a meeting in this city last week, adopted the following resolution:

> Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that the duty on printing paper, wood pulp, and all material entering into the manufacture of printing paper be immediately repealed.

In effect this is a resolution against the Paper Trust. Thus, when the shoe pinches, we all become free-traders. What neater object-lesson of the relation of Trusts to tariff and tariff to Trusts could we have? And what could prove more clearly the existence of an unused weapon against the aggressions of Trusts of all kinds? The publishers want to cut off the entire tariff, not to modify it. Why should not the laboring man demand with equal justice the removal of the duty on coal, on clothes, on hides, on all the things that are as vital to him as white paper to the newspaper? We are glad that our Republican high-tariff friends of the New York *Press* and *Tribune* are joining in this crusade for free trade, or at least are agreeing to it; for they have not as yet announced their desire of paying more to the Trust in order to save the paper tariff. This present difficulty is a kind of *argumentum ad hominem* that must certainly open their minds to the fact that there are millions who are suffering from one form or another of tariff outrage or discrimination as well as they. But, then, it makes a vast difference whose ox is gored.

Among the significant facts thus far brought out in the Federal Government's suit against the Standard Oil Company under the Anti-Trust law, are its control of nineteen subsidiary companies by ownership of stock, its holdings of a stock interest in fifty-four other corporations in the oil trade, and its extraordinary increase in profits during the last eight years. The Government's table sets forth that, while the capital stock of the Standard Oil, between 1899 and 1906, increased only from $96,998,612 to $98,338,382, the net value of the assets rose in the same period from $196,220,017 to $359,400,193, the total annual profits from $34,420,314 to $83,122,251, and the yearly dividends from $14,304,188 to $39,335,320. These comparisons are the more striking from the fact that the Standard Oil of New Jersey is merely a holding company, and that these immensely increased dividends were possible with practically no increase in its own share capital. The Government has also shown that the Standard Oil Trust of Ohio, when ordered by the Supreme Court in 1892 to wind up its affairs and dissolve, continued without change in management or methods, with the same control of supply and transportation, for seven years, until 1899; and that the mandate of the Supreme Court of Texas debarring the Standard Oil combination from engaging in business there has been defied by the operations of the Corsicana Refining Company, owned by H. C. Folger and C. N. Payne of No. 26 Broadway (the home office of Standard Oil), and the Security Oil Company, said to be controlled by the Standard's friends. In other words, the Standard Oil Company has been a deliberate breaker of the law in this point, as well as in the matter of obtaining secret rebates. Of course, the lawlessness of Standard Oil has been generally suspected; certain significant facts have been widely published, notably in Miss Ida Tarbell's "History of the Standard Oil Company"; and many of them have been substantiated by strong evidence. The testimony now being taken is therefore less a revelation than a confirmation. Mr. Rockefeller, we are told, has given away over $100,000,000 of his gains; but the vast size and the great usefulness of these gifts do not alter the fact that the gains have been ill-gotten.

In D. Willis James, whose funeral was held in this city on Tuesday, New York has lost a citizen of unusual value. To him would have applied the term "captain of industry" in vogue a few years ago, were it not that meanwhile the name has become in some cases almost synonymous with *chevalier d'industrie*. Mr. James did not know how to advertise himself. He put his name on no libraries or hospitals. No one trumpeted his industrial achievements, or was paid to tell for him the story of how he opened large areas of the Southwest to industry and agriculture. When he added a million dollars recently to his former large donations to Union Theological Seminary, it was merely announced that the money came from "a friend." To Amherst College, to Oberlin, to Columbia, to Hartford Theological Seminary, as to the Cathedral of St. John, he gave richly. Yet no one complained because he had the means to do it, for his fortune was honestly amassed, without the aid of special privilege or legislation. It is trite to say of a man like this that he is a city's and a nation's best asset. Yet it is right to dwell on the fact at a time when the abuse of wealth and the mulcting of the people by dishonest methods are the two topics uppermost in people's minds. Like Marshall Field, Mr. James honored the name of merchant; he showed, too, that success and honor in such a career by no means carry with them moral deterioration or an inability to appreciate the true aims of life.

The result of the Chicago charter election is another illustration of the way in which the problem of taxation underlies all the miscellaneous questions of government. Chicago's development has been hampered in a hundred ways by lack of money, combined with a lack of centralization in the taxing power. The new charter, which increased the debt limit by basing it upon the actual instead of the assessed valuation of property, also authorized some increase in the tax-rate. The maximum increase over the taxes now levied in Chicago was estimated at something like a half of one per cent. Yet that increase, combined with the saloonkeepers' fear of Sunday closing, was enough to defeat a charter which, if not perfect, was a great improvement over the old. Residents of Chicago are singularly enthusiastic over great schemes of improvement; but they will have none of a plan to provide the funds. Their city must go on with its strange patchwork of government, proving, if it can, that good administration is possible even under a defective organic law. But there is an element of something like comedy in the fact that the city, which has now shown such unwillingness to foot the bills for necessary improvements, was two years ago the centre of municipal ownership sentiment and was impatient for the adoption of comprehensive and expensive projects along this line.

Beyond doubt, the New Jersey Republicans have come out of their convention much stronger than for some time past. Regulars and advocates of the "New Idea" had their say, and if the

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latter did not succeed in nominating their candidate, they at least obtained a platform comprising nearly everything they asked for. Under the circumstances, they are content for the moment with these great gains, and will now endeavor to bring about the election of the Republican candidate for Governor, Judge Fort. They will not, however, if we read their plans aright, give up their intention to fight on until they have purified their party and wholly freed it from the control of public service corporations. Mr. Fort has been a judge of ability and of unusual courage, as when he drove the gamblers out of Long Branch and other places. Independence and aggressiveness he must display, for the Democrats, in nominating Frank S. Katzenbach, jr., have put into the field a candidate personally unassailable, whose record as Mayor of Trenton was of the best. It was during his administration that that city was to a large degree purged of the disorderly elements that disgraced it. But Mr. Katzenbach, too, must convince the electorate that he is his own man, and is uncontrolled by Boss Davis of Hudson County or ex-Senator Smith. Senator Everett Colby and his followers, if they have done nothing else, have at least increased to a large degree independent thinking in their State, and have aroused a widespread desire for the sort of administration that Gov. Hughes is now giving us at Albany. That the Republican party enters the campaign heavily handicapped no one can dispute. Its United States Senators are far from a credit to it; its Secretary of State is an offence to the nostrils of decent men; and the disclosures of grafting made by the Hahn Committee suggest that the time for Republican chastisement and humility may be at hand. The Republican platform demands popular election of United States Senators, a comprehensive civil-service system, the just taxation of franchises, a public utility commission, the separation of State and municipal elections, and the improvement of the primary system. Since the Democratic platform also calls for most of these reforms, the election must turn upon the personalities of the candidates, and the impression they make as the campaign progresses.

The directors of the various producing companies controlled by the Amalgamated Copper Company are said to have decided to reduce the output of their mines 50 per cent. We doubt the figure, because no industry can shut down on half its output all at once without seriously compromising its future. That some reduction would be made has been evident since the last cut in price failed to attract consumers. To say this is by no means to excuse the recent attitude of the Amalgamated. That the present demoralization in the trade results largely from the adherence to the 26-cent price, at a time when consumers were straitened by tight money, and exports of copper were reduced by 20 per cent., no one can seriously question. Nevertheless, if copper cannot be sold, it would obviously be poor policy to go on mining and accumulating it at the former pace. At some time consumption must necessarily be resumed, for the electrical industry is not suddenly going to cease business. The experience of the iron trade during 1903 is much in point. Reduced demand for iron and steel, as a consequence of money markets not unlike this year's, caused a fall in Pittsburgh pig-iron from an average of $22.85 per ton in January, 1903, to $13.66 in February, 1904. The country's production during the second half of 1903 decreased 711,000 tons from the year before, or not quite 8 per cent.; in the first half of 1904 the decrease was 1,534,000 tons, or nearly 16 per cent. Yet within a year consumption had so far recovered that the output for the first half of 1905 exceeded by 2,400,000 tons the largest half-yearly record in the country's history. One reason for that sudden and very large resumption of demand was that prices, though they rose above the lowest level, were not raised again, during all that season of recovery, to anything like the extravagant heights of January, 1903.

It would be an excess of skepticism not to believe that the peace protocol signed at Washington last week by the representatives of the five republics of Central America will bring rest to that troubled region for some years at least. Left to themselves, these five mighty nations would probably soon be at it again. But, displeasing as it may find the situation, Central America is gradually being made to feel the restraining hand of its two stronger and quieter neighbors on the Continent. If for no other reason than the need of resisting this attempt of the United States and Mexico at reducing them, from their point of view, to tutelage, the Central American governments should learn to get along with a minimum of counter-conspiracies, counter-invasions, and counter-assassinations. Possibly, the circumstance that Mexico, a Spanish nation like themselves, is partner in the guardianship of their good conduct, might be an influence in determining them to listen to wise counsel from abroad. On the whole, it would be a step forward in the direction of higher ideals if great nations should properly make use of their influence to persuade smaller nations to ways of peaceful thinking. The effect of good works on character is not to be denied, and in enforcing peace on others the greater Powers might be moved, partly by contagion and partly by shame, to follow up precept with practice.

Peace in Morocco seems imminent. Three of the most important tribes in the Casablanca hinterland have accepted the French proposals and promised to use their power to bring the other tribes to terms. Almost as astonishing as the powers of resistance the tribesmen have displayed is the completeness of their surrender. They have agreed to give hostages, to permit the passage of French reconnoitring expeditions through their territory, to punish the perpetrators of the Casablanca murders of July 30, to pay a large indemnity, and even to make a contribution towards the cost of the harbor works at Casablanca, opposition to which was the main cause of the uprising. The French Government is reported to be pleased at the turn affairs have taken. It has reason to be. French influence has made an enormous advance in Morocco during the last two months, without occasion being given for complaints of the infringement of the Algeciras Convention. At the same time, part of Gen. Drude's army will remain to garrison Casablanca, and possibly other points, and thus retain a valuable foothold. Conditions in Morocco are well illustrated by this latest development—a European Power making peace with a number of scattered tribes, as though they were independent Powers, without giving attention to the nominal head of the empire at Fez.

The long-awaited edict ordering the initiation of measures for the establishment of representative government in China, was issued Friday. It delegates to two high officials in connection with the Grand Council the task of framing regulations for the organization of a consultative body to coöperate with the throne, as a preparation for the introduction of a complete parliamentary régime. Taken in conjunction with the report that the progressive Wu-ting-fang has been restored to Imperial favor, the edict plainly indicates that in the long game of see-saw between reactionaries and liberals the latter are now on top, and for some time are likely to stay there. There can be little skepticism about China's real progress towards modern institutions, however we may distrust the optimism of those observers who have been promising us a Chinese Japan in ten years. If we take this edict to mean the establishment of parliamentarism in China, we shall probably be disenchanted next year. If we remember, on the other hand, that the edict is merely an order commanding certain men to get to work on the project, we shall expect them to be deliberate.

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DEWEY VS. ROOT.

Admiral Dewey is apparently more disquieted by the increasing talk about getting rid of the Philippines in any honorable way possible, than he was by the Spanish guns in Manila Bay. He issued on Sunday a solemn adjuration to his fellow-countrymen never to part with the islands. Naturally, the gallant Admiral is too modest to say anything about the glory of winning them. Nor is he passionate about the flag never coming down where once, etc. Perceiving that the time has come to be as "practical" as President Roosevelt was in getting Harriman's money for the campaign, he puts the thing squarely on a commercial basis. We must keep the Philippines because only by retaining them can we get "our share of the enormous commerce of the East." "Why," he asks, "did Spain for 200 years dominate the commerce of the Orient?" We did not know that she did; but if she did, the reason was, according to Admiral Dewey, that "she had the bay and harbor of Manila." Hence the United States, having acquired the Philippines, must hold on to them, for "we cannot afford to turn over to the other nations of the world all the vast commerce of the East, and restrict ourselves to our own Pacific Coast."

All this will make people fear that the Admiral's pen is not mightier than his sword. He reasons about trade, and the way to get and keep it, in a fashion which events are every day making appear more and more obsolete. As if to give point, by contrast, to the correct view, Secretary Root has set out this week for Mexico, where he will doubtless uphold and expound the same enlightened opinions that he set forth on his recent tour through South America. The Secretary of State clearly perceives the truth to which the Admiral is seemingly blind. It is that, in order to have a profitable commerce with any given people, it is not at all necessary to be their owner or even protector; that friendship and an intelligent understanding are a much more sure quickener of trade than all the naval bases that dot the seas. Take the case of Mexico itself. Of that country, American enterprise and capital have, within the past thirty years, made a peaceful conquest. We get larger returns from our Mexican commerce in a single year than we have had from the Philippines in ten, or will get in ten more, if we go on burdening ourselves with those islands. Yet no American statesman now talks of the necessity of "dominating" Mexico, much less annexing that country. And it is partly because all hints or threats of aggression upon them long since ceased that Mexicans have welcomed the influx of American money and goods and methods.

How advantageously the Root plan of securing trade through friendly relations stands out as compared with the Dewey notion of doing it through overawing or controlling, a glance at the statistics of foreign trade will show. With Mexico, our commerce has steadily grown. In 1898 our exports to our neighbor republic were valued at $21,000,000. Last year they were worth $58,000,000. And no one alleges that the Spanish war had anything to do with the increase! We obtained by it neither "key" nor "base," as respects Mexico. We simply had products to sell her at better prices than were offered her elsewhere; we took her exports in return, to the tune of $50,000,000; and, keeping on increasingly friendly terms with her, built up peacefully this large and growing trade. Meanwhile, our exports to the Philippines have confessedly disappointed the glowing hopes of getting rich out of them. By 1902, the value of our shipments to Manila had mounted to $5,250,000, and there were many prophecies of their great expansion; but they afterward declined by more than one-fifth and last year were but $5,450,000. And if one turns to the figures for the adjoining markets, which, according to Admiral Dewey, our possession of a naval base in the Philippines is to enable us to monopolize, it will appear that the trade fluctuates from year to year, but for reasons with which our being at Manila has nothing whatever to do.

That annexation does not of itself mean trade is a conclusion which is getting into the heads of statesmen all over the world. Thus we had the dispatch from Tokio a day or two ago stating that the policy of Japan is not to annex Korea, except as a measure of dire necessity. Marquis Ito spoke of annexation as "merely a crude and cruel means of securing the desired friendship of Korea." This, of course, may be insincere, or may be repudiated later by the Japanese Government; but it at least witnesses to the growing perception that annexation is not the last word of either statesmen or merchants.

The way to get trade is to go and get it, in obedience to the laws of commerce. Statesmen may hinder manufacturers and explorers, but they cannot really help them much—except by repealing the foolish statutes which profess to help. Voltaire has a passage on the contrast between the views of the actual trader and those of the public man. The latter contends that the former cannot buy and sell in India without ruining himself. But the former, not waiting for the new legislation, said to be necessary to aid him, quietly goes into the Indian trade and makes a fortune. Similarly, when the American people truly get ready to go after the commerce of the Orient, they will do it, not because they have or have not a base at Manila, but because they see their way to a profit in the business. And they will ask no assistance from the law-makers, save to break their tariff-fetters.

CATHOLICISM AND MODERNISM.

The Pope's encyclical on "Modernism," on which we made passing comment last week, would prove, were its recommendations capable of rigorous enforcement, a staggering blow to the whole progressive element in the Church, but to none more than to the liberal Catholics in America. At the end of the encyclical Pius X. himself admits that adversaries will represent the Church as the enemy to science and progress; and despite all protests from His Holiness many ardent friends also are sure to take the same position. The provisions of the encyclical as reported by cable are in brief as follows:

(1.) The teaching of philosophy, positive theology, et cetera, is to be carried on in the Church schools and universities, but in a Catholic spirit.

(2.) Modernists are to be removed from professorships and the direction of educational institutions.

(3.) The clergy and faithful are not to be allowed to read modernist publications.

(4.) A committee of censorship is to be established in every diocese to pass upon the publications which the clergy and faithful shall be permitted to read.

(5.) The encyclical of the late Pope Leo XIII., prohibiting the clergy from assuming the direction of publications without their bishop's permission, and providing for supervision of the work of ecclesiastical writers, is confirmed.

(6.) Ecclesiastical congresses, except on rare occasions, are prohibited.

(7.) A council is to be constituted in every diocese to combat modern errors.

The object of these several directions to "the clergy and faithful" is plainly to prevent their discussing, teaching, reading, or even knowing about those current views of science, philosophy, and theology which might conceivably unsettle their orthodoxy. Thus the Pope would cut off Catholics from many of the most important intellectual movements of the age.

Without going into the details of administration, we may point out one or two principles implicit in this utterance. The removal of "Modernists" from professorships and the elaborate machinery for a censorship of printing are simply efforts to check by brute force the spread of ideas. Such attempts have not been really effective at any time since the invention of printing. To-day they are childish. Priests in the remote hill towns of Italy may be able to do something to guide and regulate the reading of their parishioners; but in America, England, Germany, and France, countries where all kinds of books and newspapers circulate easily and rapidly, such

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prohibitions are worse than useless. Placing a book upon the Index is an advertisement of it, a notification that here is a volume worth attention. The terms of the encyclical are evidence that its writers have no conception whatever of the intellectual and social conditions in the United States and the more enlightened regions of Europe. The reply to these directions for muzzling teachers and suppressing books was made once and for all more than two hundred and fifty years ago, in Milton's "Areopagitica." Those who love the twilight, who are afraid of freedom of research, freedom of reading, freedom of teaching, and freedom of speech, are afraid of the truth. For, to take Milton's famous phrases, "though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?"

The resistance of the Pope to those new views of man and the universe that are working like a ferment through Europe, America, and even Asia, is but another skirmish in the age-long struggle between dogma and science. The story has been told at length in Lecky's "History of Rationalism in Europe" and Andrew D. White's "Warfare Between Science and Theology." Here we need do no more than point out that Catholicism rests on authority, on divinely revealed dogmas which, once defined, cannot be changed, and cannot, without sacrilege, be tested by mere human reason. The Church of Rome declares that the deliberate judgment of its whole organization is infallible—St. Augustine's *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.* This offer of certainty is the magnet which through all the centuries of Christendom has attracted wearied souls, who utter Thomas à Kempis's longing cry, "Tu vera pax cordis, tu sola requies; extra te omnia sunt dura et inquieta—Thou art the true peace of the heart, thou art its only rest; out of thee all things are full of trouble and unrest." It was this passion for some sure footing in the encircling gloom that drew Newman to Rome. This is the thesis of Mallock's brilliant but meretricious "Is Life Worth Living?" It is worth living, he argues, only within the fold of that Church which lifts us from the waves of eternal doubt and sets us on the rock of eternal verity. But eternal doubt is the one essential to scientific progress. The postulate of the scientist—and the term includes the student of history, language, and theology—is *Dubito, ergo sum.* For him there are no certainties, no dogmas, nothing but temporary "working hypotheses." He accepts for the moment the hypothesis which explains the most facts, but he searches continually for the hypothesis which shall explain more. The dogmatist reposes in the faith once delivered; the scientist demands each day a new and larger revelation.

As to the outcome of the collision between the present Pope and the forces of science, it would be idle to predict. He has seen the choicest pearls of Protestantism dissolved in the acids of the higher criticism. The awful deathbeds of Tom Paine and Voltaire no longer terrify the unrepentant. Our orthodox pulpits no longer thunder against Unitarianism; and were Channing to return to the scene of his labors he would find radical Presbyterians and Episcopalians regarding him as a reactionary. Bishops have long since ceased to explode at the mention of Darwin's "Origin of Species." Matthew Arnold's "Literature and Dogma" and "God and the Bible" are relegated to the upper shelves, as containing only the commonplaces of conservatism. As this record has unfolded before the eyes of the Roman pontiff, he may well exclaim that admission of the right of private opinion is the beginning of the end. But his system of censorship is in danger of breaking down of its own weight. Can any hierarchy hold out against the remorseless sappers and miners of science? If we follow the analogy of Protestantism, we must answer no. The Roman Church, however, seems to bear a charmed existence. Its overthrow was predicted at the Reformation, but it has withstood that shock. We commonly think of it as Newman has described it in his "Apologia"—"a religion which has flourished through so many ages, among so many nations, amid such varieties of social life, in such contrary classes and conditions of men, and after so many revolutions, political and civil"; and we incline to agree with Newman that it can still "subdue the reason and overcome the heart." That is, though it may, if it go on in its present course, alienate men of the scientific temperament, men who cannot blindly accept any creed on authority, it may, with or without a successful censorship, always overcome the hearts of those who feel that life is empty and purposeless without a grasp on what they feel is the unalterable truth as opposed to the change and development of scientific knowledge. They care nothing for hypotheses. Such men and women there have always been and always will be while humanity remains what it is.

THE ZIONIST MOVEMENT.

In connection with the proceedings of the eighth International Zionist Congress, which met at The Hague during the third week of August, a sharp controversy has broken out in this country over the question whether adherence to the principles of Zionism is consistent with the duties of American citizenship. The Zionist movement was recently stigmatized as essentially anti-American by so prominent a member of the Jewish community as Jacob H. Schiff of this city. The charge was vehemently repelled by the American delegates to the congress at a mass meeting in Cooper Union; and it is only fair to say that at first sight the supporters of Zionism have much the better of the argument. It would be interpreting patriotism in an impossibly narrow sense to assert that members of a certain nation or creed, living under a particular flag, may not sympathize with or participate in a movement designed to improve the condition of others of their class four thousand miles away. It is especially difficult to maintain such a thesis in this country, whose history has been such as to necessitate the development of a modified conception of patriotism which would permit the vast foreign element in our population to be Americans without completely severing ties of sentiment and tradition that bind them to Europe.

There is, however, opportunity for dispute in the matter of Zionism because of the lack of a precise definition for that term. Commonly, it is taken to stand for a scheme that would create a separate Jewish state in Palestine, established under political guarantees from the Powers as a home for the oppressed Jewish inhabitants of Eastern Europe. Actually, this first conception of the founder of Zionism, Dr. Herzl, has grown or changed in various directions and radically. When the difficulties connected with the foundation of a Palestinian state came to be recognized, the more impatient members of the party began to turn their eyes elsewhere. Dr. Herzl himself was ready to consider the possibility of some other location than the Holy Land, and thus supplied a powerful impetus to a movement that has been described as Zionism with Zion left out. Uganda in British East Africa, Argentina, and South Africa have been proposed, but without the slightest result. At present the I. T. O. (International Territorial Organization), as this party has come to be known, under the leadership of Israel Zangwill, is pursuing a programme of mere colonialism. Not long ago it initiated a scheme for diverting Jewish immigration into this country from the Atlantic ports to Galveston, which was to be made a clearing-house for the entire West. This, of course, is no longer Zionism; and, naturally, Mr. Zangwill's party did not participate in the recent congress, which marked a sharp and definite return to Palestinian ideals.

But though the congress at The Hague was the scene of tumultuous debates on the ways and means of proceeding with the execution of Dr. Herzl's original scheme, there was general recognition of the fact that its complete

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attainment was not a possibility of the immediate future. At the same time, the position of the Jews in Russia, whose deplorable condition supplied the first impetus to Zionism and is still its main support, has undergone such a tragic change for the worse that the need for immediate action has impelled a number of Russian Zionist leaders to attempt to utilize the spirit of national self-consciousness, engendered by the Zionist propaganda, for the attainment of remedial measures within the Empire. In other words, while Mr. Zangwill's Zionism became in turn Ugandian, Argentinian, and South African, orthodox Zionism, while clinging to Palestine as an ideal, has become in large measure Russian. The Zionists participated in the Duma elections, though with little appreciable results; they have established self-defence committees against rioters, on the model of the Socialist organizations, and they have their own programme of Russian reform. A remarkable development has been the rise of a Socialist-Zionist party which aims at the creation of an autonomous Jewish régime within the Empire on an equal basis with Russians, Poles, Letts, Armenians, and other nationalities. Undoubtedly, the name Zionist has been adopted by the party because of its intimate appeal to the mass of the Jewish population.

The extreme tendency in this direction was formulated by one of the leading speakers at the recent congress, who declared that Zionism was no longer a national or regional movement, but a universal one. In his view the choice is between Zionism standing for every aspiration of the Jewish race, or assimilation which means the complete merging of the Jewish people with its neighbors. In this sense Zionism becomes synonymous with Judaism; and it is only in this sense that, by becoming a political creed, separatist in aims, it can be called anti-American. In Russia, and in Europe generally, where the ideal of national autonomy for the minor races is widely held, Jewish separatism is at most no worse a crime than Czech separatism or Slavonic separatism. In this country it can have no proper standing.

It has been the misfortune of the Zionist movement that it has not been able to choose definitely between the two irreconcilable principles of a separate Jewish state in Palestine and universalist aspirations. The president of the Hague congress is reported to have brought its sessions to a close with the fervent utterance that Israel would yet conquer the world. The conquest, of course, is to be a spiritual one. It is the same position taken by Mr. Zangwill in the years of his earlier enthusiasm, when he exalted the rôle of Israel as a prophet among the nations and wanted a new Jewish kingdom in Asiatic Turkey as a refuge and defence against persecution. Now, it is a fair argument to advance that if the Jewish race really aspires to the rôle of missionary among the peoples of the earth, it must not object to the incidentals that go with the exercise of a divine mission. The prophet has never had an easy time of it, and the priest is not supposed to hanker after the pleasures of home life, or quiet, or rest from labor. Viewed from this point, events like Kishenev or Bialystok are not the crimes they are usually considered, but the inevitable consequences of such a rôle as Jewish millennial champions look forward to. If a Jewish state is really to be founded, it must be done on a practical, and not on a Messianic, basis.

SCHOLARSHIP AND RESEARCH.

Much recent academic discussion has turned upon the relation of scholarship to research, but few of the debaters have perceived that the admitted drawbacks of our university education are largely due to the fact that, under German leading, we have all assumed that scholarship can no more exist without research than faith without works. But a high degree of learning may exist quite apart from special investigation, whereas a considerable success as an investigator may be attained almost without scholarship. Indeed, for university purposes, one may say that these are divergent paths which may or may not meet again. For the student who occupies the three or four years of his higher studies in gaining a comprehensive acquaintance, say, with a group of associated literatures, will obviously have no time to give to minute investigation, and similarly the student who uses the working time of two or three years upon a single limited topic will have but little opportunity for discursive acquisition.

Now, the humane way to look at such divergent courses would be this: To hope that in after years the unproductive scholar may be drawn into some congenial field of research—failing that, will at least radiate a learned influence in the community—and to hope equally that time will supply to the youthful investigator that general scholarship without which his researches must remain narrow, arid, and unavailable. But, unhappily, universities have assumed that research is *bonum in se*, and, virtually, that it is the single academic aim. Scholarship without the ulterior purpose of research has been regarded as scarcely respectable—as a form of dilettantism suitable for undergraduates, but beneath the dignity of grown men. Accordingly, irrespective of vocation, our university students have been thrust headforemost into special investigation, or, more unhappy lot, have been left to flounder helplessly in the quest of a mission. Only a few have emerged with the Doctorate in Philosophy, and the rest, frequently men of no worse parts, have fallen out in a kind of disrepute, having had neither the benefits of the cumulative nor the discipline of the specialistic régime.

The tendency to give importance to the degree of Master of Arts, in Harvard and elsewhere, is a partial recognition of the rights of mere scholarship. But the value of such a concession is largely offset by the fact that university professors not unnaturally give the preference, in the matter of recommendations, to their more intimate student collaborators; while college presidents and appointing boards still regard the doctorate as an indispensable qualification. More individual and personal methods of appointment will surely come about as the colleges learn that the average doctor has had just about the most inappropriate and impracticable education imaginable for the work required of him. A little frank confession on the part of many a former university fellow in a college chair would bring out the fact that for several years he had held his position and assured his success by cleverly concealing the inadequacy of his preparation for the work of the classroom. In fact, a supplementary course in universities might be one that taught the *doctorandi* how to appear to have the acquirements expected of every cultivated man.

Take a student who, for a matter of three years, has read deeply in Italian literature, covering practically the entire field, and utilizing intelligently the results of former research and criticism; and then take a student who, after a year or two of severe training in the phonology of the Romance languages, settles for a year in some small Italian town and exhaustively records one dialect of a language the standard form of which he hardly knows by ear. Which of these two men may fairly be said to have scholarship? Which is the more available as a mentor to our idle undergraduates?

But the best way to illustrate the evil of the fetich of research is simply to judge it by its fruits. Review the doctor's dissertations that have been produced in any field in Germany and America for the past twenty-five years. It would, we believe, be impossible in the whole range of the aberrations of learning to bring in evidence an equal body of futile enumeration and speculation. Immaturity and formlessness stamp the entire production. Either the students who perpetrated these "contributions to the sum of human knowledge" have never learned to think clearly, candidly, and as practical men, or they do themselves scant justice in work produced prematurely, under pressure,

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and at the expense of the studies that make for fine intellectual balance. And the evil of research undertaken without judgment or vocation reaches far into the future. It might justly be maintained that to qualify for Government positions, or for other reasons, the university graduates of Germany have attacked in fifty years, and with only the appearance of scholarship, the work that might have engaged genuine investigators for a century to come. The result is that as creative scholars arise they will find the field encumbered with previous studies too badly botched to be helpful, yet, unhappily, not quite empty enough to be negligible. In other words, through making a fetich of research, the best-instructed nation in the world has, without exhausting, discounted and staled pretty nearly every topic that may engage the future investigator.

It is time to call a halt in the interest of posterity, if not of our own higher education. The remedy lies quite as much with the colleges as with the universities, for if proficiency in research is desirable in a college professor, broad attainments in scholarship are simply indispensable. When appointments are made on this only intelligent basis, the universities will be forced to provide courses with greater regard to the human material and practical considerations involved. By the frank recognition of scholarship as an ideal apart from special research, the latter branch of learning will greatly gain. It will be a distinct advantage to reduce the seminars to those who have a serious vocation, and their output to genuine contributions to science. Meanwhile, a welcome, if impartial, reform would be effected if the universities generally would follow the lead of Harvard in printing only dissertations of a reasonably important kind. Whether we need some more formal certification of simple scholarship is a fair subject of inquiry. To some it seems that (since from the point of view of scholarship the M.A. means too little, while the Ph.D. means either too much or too much of an irrelevant sort) there should be either an advance in the requirements for the master's degree, or a new intermediate degree analogous to the French *Agrégation*. A change in sentiment must come first, with a clearer perception that scholarship and research, both worthy ideals, are not necessarily synonymous.

LITERATURE FOR EXPORT.

The proposal brought forward by the French journalist, Hugues Le Roux, for the establishment in this country of an agency to distribute the best products of French authorship as a vindication of the "proper" character of the national literature, is a plan of the kind that we remember coming across with comparative frequency. M. Le Roux deplores the fact that "the American public has come to regard modern French novels as immoral productions of the worst kind, and that in consequence of this American bookstores are being flooded with books, quite unknown in France, apparently written and published specially for foreign consumption." Eminent men of letters like Jules Claretie, Paul Hervieu, and Marcel Prévost have expressed their approval of the motive behind the plan, though not convinced of its feasibility.

No nation, on the face of things, would be content to be known abroad by its worst side—no nation, that is, except the French. It has been the tradition that the Gallic temperament takes delight in exaggerating its own vices before the world, and in stigmatizing as hypocritical every other temperament which does not. But now it would appear as though France were growing weary of its reputation as the classic home of "wickedness." More than one writer and politician, for instance, has found it necessary to protest against the common conception of French social conditions cherished by Anglo-Saxon minds. We have been assured that the atmosphere of the typical Paris bourgeois home is as pure as that of any Teutonic fireside, and far more heavily charged with the spirit of love and consideration that makes life really worth while. Now, this warning against the wiles of the boulevardier novelist is scarcely necessary, since no people could conceivably go on playing the rôle that France has filled for centuries in the history of Europe and of civilization without being grounded on a healthier basis than the "life" we find depicted in the works of even so skilled a writer as Maupassant. On the other hand, the apologists for France are trying to prove a little too much when they quote a Parisian police prefect as saying: "Keep away your English, your Americans, your Germans and Russians from Paris, and I will make the city the cleanest capital in Europe." After all, English and Americans and Germans and Russians do not go to Copenhagen or Belgrade, and do go to Paris.

In the preface to an early volume of his plays, George Bernard Shaw explains that, after agitating for many years for the foundation of a Modern Theatre to produce modern drama, and getting one finally established, he found that there were no plays that could be presented in the new theatre, and that he had therefore "manufactured the evidence." In the same way, it is to be feared that M. Le Roux and others who would erect a dépôt in America and England for the sale of French books adapted to the prevailing national taste, would have to manufacture the greater part of their apologetic literature. We are far from implying by this that the accusation of mercenary indecency brought against the purveyors of French literature "for export only" would hold good against the really high-class work that is being done in France. But, on the other hand, it is scarcely to be expected that even the manner of a Marcel Prévost or a Eugène Brieux would commend itself to the Puritan taste in this country, if that is the taste the projectors of the plan would seek to conciliate. Putting the Puritans aside, there are two classes left, the people who now supposedly read the export brand of literature, and who would not take to a higher type of reading in any case; and those who know the real worth of contemporary French literature and are willing to take even their Anatole France, in spite of his strong flavor.

French literature, however, is not entirely synonymous with French *belles-lettres*. M. Le Roux's proposed American agency would be fulfilling an important service to France and to this country if it would disseminate a broader knowledge of the admirable work that is done by Frenchmen in criticism, political and social history, and the less abstruse sciences. At the present moment, for instance, the battle against Romanticism which has been under way for some time, has entered on a sharper phase with the publication of Lemaître's lectures on Rousseau. The great world-movements of the time—colonization, immigration, Socialism, feminism—are receiving useful exposition at the hands of French savants, like the brothers Leroy-Beaulieu, Emile Boutmy, and Gabriel Tardieu, as well as a host of younger scholars who therein reveal their traditional dislike for the minute scholasticism of their German *confrères*.

In the field of fiction, on the other hand, it is difficult to see why Frenchmen should be anxious to acquire a reputation other than the one their best work has. With all its exaggerations of worship of the joy of physical life above and to the exclusion of everything else, it stands nevertheless for a system of thought and action that vast numbers acknowledge. It is, indeed, slandering the French nation to say that what we know as their "realism" in literature is the product of purely mercenary motives, rather than the expression of a natural and certainly comprehensible philosophy of life.

OUR "STREPITOUS" POETS.

A writer in the Contributors' Club of the *Atlantic Monthly* notes the appearance of a new school of poets. "Instead of loafing and inviting their souls," he says, "these gentlemen fly to the uttermost parts of the earth in search of

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verbal monstrosities, and return with hordes of barbaric captives. Not satisfied with this, they seize and torture beyond recognition respectable native citizens of the language. Borrowing from one of their own number, we might call them the 'strepitous' school. . . . In four short and harmless-looking, albeit apparently serious compositions, I discovered the following words: 'Dunching,' 'planished,' 'skelloch,' 'heveril,' 'strepitous,' 'riffling,' beside the more familiar 'wastrel,' 'guidon,' and, of course, 'rede' and 'sib.'"

An equally curious collection could, no doubt, be brought up by a dredger in any month's magazine poetry. From words which regularly belong to poetry, but which everybody understands, like "doff," "tryst," "gyves," "æon," and "mart," we pass by imperceptible degrees to noble and surprising words which nobody understands. Some are gradually making their way into the conventional circles of poesy. Thus "sib" is progressing. Probably few everyday readers knew what it meant till Kipling used it half a dozen times over in "Tomlinson." Now it is a mark of strictly up-to-date culture. Some other words, like the use of "ruin" as an intransitive verb in a line to which the *Atlantic* writer points with horror, "Phaeton headlong ruining down the sky," can lay claim to Tennysonian parentage.

Ruining along the illimitable inane,

is the fortieth line of "Lucretius." But after all deductions have been made for error and over-severe standards, there still remains a singular phenomenon in this eruption of the unusual words.

It would seem, in fact, as if a good proportion of our rhymesters, in and out of the periodicals, had taken seriously the advice given by Hilaire Belloc in "Caliban's Guide to Letters," where he discusses the "prattling" and the "obscure" styles of poetry, "the only two styles possible in manufactured verse." In the course of his instructions for the former he says:

> It is at this point that I must introduce you to a most perfect principle. It is called the Mutation of Adjectives—it is almost the whole art of Occ. verse. This principle consists in pulling out one's first obvious adjective, and replacing it by another of similar length, *chosen because it is peculiar*. You must not put in an adjective that could not possibly apply; for instance, you must not speak of the "Ponderous Rabbit," or the "Murky Beasts"; your adjective must be applicable, but it must be startling, as "The Tolerant Cow," "The Stammering Minister," or "The Greasy Hill"—all quite true and most unexpected.

Dr. Caliban's strictures on the young poets who "have imagined that the mere use of strange words made up the obscure style" have been less heeded.

How far we have passed beyond the stage when Lewis Carroll could name "wild," "lonely," "weird," and "strange" as the "adjectives that suit with every word." Those are the very adjectives to be avoided now, as commonplaces of versification. As the foregoing facts show, we are developing in their place a new set of general utility vocables, including not only adjectives, but nouns, verbs, and all other parts of speech with the possible exceptions of articles and pronouns. These adorn the most ordinary subject matter, turn literalism into fancy, and finally enable the reader to distinguish prose from poetry even more quickly and certainly than by the length of the lines.

But the really tremendous fact about this innovation is the almost limitless possibility of its extension. Admit at once the odd and unfamiliar word to an honored place in letters. Repeal the old regulations of the rhetoricians in favor of clearness and simplicity, and a new world of expression is opened up. What most commentators fail to realize, though the bare facts are to be found in all the textbooks, is the almost inexhaustible stock of words ready to be used. Talk about wells of English undefiled! The young poet who is not afraid to bore—we intend no offence by the word—into new strata of language can tap a veritable Texas "gusher." We open the volumes of the "Century Dictionary" at three places, practically at random, and are rewarded by "selcouth," "seld," pegme," "pegomancy," "pejority," "pel," "goliard," "golion," "gomerel," besides a number of other words which, equally worthy in respect to sound and sense, are either worn out by age, or of shady reputation. Any one may use these who pleases. In fact, we should offer them formally to the poets who may be numbered among our readers but for the fact that any one of them who owns a dictionary may help himself to others as good or better. It would be as presumptuous to proffer these particular words as for a man to offer apples to any casual stranger standing in an orchard that belonged to neither one of them.

The world is running out of many important commodities. The good lumber is likely to be used up before the end of this generation, the petroleum before the end of the next century, the coal and iron and copper somewhat further ahead. But it is safe to predict that every one of them will be exhausted before the writer who uses the English language, at least, will lack for novel and astonishing words. And so long as such words are to be had, we shall still enjoy an adequate supply of a product which, when printed with a capital letter at the beginning of each line and occasional rhymes at the end, will look like poetry.

SULLY-PRUDHOMME AND HIS GENERATION.

PARIS, September 10.

The death of Sully-Prudhommé on September 6 was the death of a philosopher; it was the twentieth year since he published his last line of verse. Six years ago the world was astonished to learn that the poet still lived, when the Nobel prize sought him out. The mass of Sully-Prudhomme's poetry was too gray in color, too devoid of the warm life of earth, and, soaring into ideal heights, too frigid to win even a small public of worshippers. It was understood that the man was France's greatest living poet. Yet no one seemed to read his books—and every one knew by heart a few simple stanzas which had been published in his first hesitating volume. No poem ever lifted its author so suddenly and solely to the position of a classic as the lines on the Broken Vase—"Le Vase Brisé." It was a permanent sorrow to the poet that a few perfect verses should overshadow all the rest of his life's effort. They have reached even the proverbial stage, entering into the language as well as the literature of France during their author's lifetime.

N'y touchez pas, il est brisé

has been said in Parliament of the political *bloc* that held Jaurès and Clemenceau together, just as it is quoted by hearts whose love is evaporating. Another little piece —"Yeux"—may follow the Broken Vase into all future anthologies of French classic verse. For Sully-Prudhomme has already entered into immortality as an anthology poet, and the immortals change not. It was his illusion to be dissatisfied and look for his greatness where it was not.

The technical student of literature will look into the volumes of verse published between 1865 and 1888 for other than poetic reasons. Sully-Prudhomme entered on his intellectual life with the little band of Parnassians, who reacted in the sixties and following decades from the lawlessness of dying Romanticism. They held the sound doctrine of French poetry, that verse should be crystal clear and regular in its harmony. As they constituted a veritable poetic revival, having true poets among them—Leconte de Lisle, Hérédia, François Coppée, and even the wasteful Catulle Mendès, who gave the name—this little band of youth who followed Cicero's advice and determined to mount up the serene heights of the antique Parnassus, wonderfully succeeded in pulling French literature together for a term of years. All the aberration of Decadents, long since happily defunct, and the still dying Symbolism have not undone their work. Sully-Prudhomme, who began life with the scientific training of the École Polytechnique, took time in his later years to reason out the theory of French versification in a prosody which is literature and which may serve to open foreign ears, so often close shut to the beauty of sound in French poems.

It is curious that the kind of verse for which Sully-Prudhomme was to win name and lasting fame—the *Lieder* of a few sentimental stanzas, which he seems almost to have introduced among the French—should have been inspired in him by a hopeless passion. "She" married an-

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other—and he, being thirty years old, did not recover.. Gaston Paris, his comrade of those years, tells the story. The world liked these emotional echoes of a day that was dead, but never listened to the substitute love-making of "Les Destins" and "La Justice" and "Le Bonheur." Only the name of one of these volumes of abstract verse—"Vaines Tendresses"—took hold of the popular consciousness.

As an earnest, if not conclusive, writer of philosophy, Sully-Prudhomme may continue to be known. The work on Pascal's religious theory was recently received with favor by the public that thinks. There are chapters, perhaps whole treatises, of like speculation ready for publication among the papers left by the dead thinker. The prelude to all these was the very noble translation in verse of a portion of Lucretius, published thirty years ago.

The aged Guizot, whose own life went back to the Terror of the Revolution, felt himself stirred by the first poems of Sully-Prudhomme. Last March a score of friends of the French Academy came out to Chatenay to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the poet's election to their learned body. The hand of death was already upon him. But to the one who read in a voice broken with emotion verses in his honor, he said with gentle philosophy: "Speak louder, only the dead man hears you!"

To the end he protested that science, which he had so ardently cultivated to his art's damage, left him a firm believer in spirit.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

While not the rarest of early books on Virginia, John Smith's "Generall Historie of Virginia, New-England, and the Summer Isles," is one of the most interesting to collectors. It is a folio of 126 leaves, besides the engraved title-page and the four folding plates or maps. There was only one edition, but alterations in the title and the separately printed plates were so numerous that the exact bibliography of the book is complicated. It will be worked out in full by Wilberforce Eames in the next part of his continuation of Sabin's "Bibliotheca Americana." The book was entered in the Stationers' Register by Michael Sparke, the Puritan bookseller, July 12, 1624. It is supposed to have been printed at the expense of the Duchess of Richmond and Lenox, to whom the book is dedicated. Evidently the author or publisher, or both, wished to get the book out as soon as possible; and to hasten matters the copy was divided and sent to two different printers. The imprint of the earliest form of the title-page reads "Printed by I. D. and I. H. for Michael Sparkes." The first part, Books i to iii, was sent to one printer, who was expected to fill pages 1 to 104, signatures A to O. When the remainder was turned over to the second printer, he was instructed to begin with page 105, signature P. But Book iii. ends on page 94, leaving one leaf of signature N. Not to lose these two pages, Smith filled them with some of the commendatory verses of his friends; and there is this curious heading at the top of page 95:

"Now seeing there is thus much Paper here to spare, that you should not be altogether cloyed with Prose; such Verses as my worthy Friends bestowed upon New England, I here present you, because with honestie I can neither reiect, nor omit their courtesies.

Books iv. to vi. begin with page 105 and extend to page 248.

As originally engraved, the title states that the "Historie" of the colonies extends "from their first beginnings Ano 1584: to this present 1624." One copy only with a title-page set from types is known. According to this, the "Historie" extends "to this present 1625." There is, however, no change in the text. This copy, which appeared in the Bunbury sale at Sotheby's, July, 1896, is now in a private collection in New York. The next year, 1626, the enterprising publisher, desirous of giving buyers an impression that his book was up to date, but not wishing to incur the expense of making a new title, had the copperplate altered to read, "to this present 1626"; and the date in the imprint changed from 1624 to 1626. At the same time a crown was added to the portrait of Prince Charles (now become King), and the inscription in the scroll above was made "Carolus Rex" instead of "Carolus Princeps." In the same way new issues were prepared for 1627, 1631, and 1632. In the case of the first and second of these, the date of imprint is the only difference. In 1632 the stock seems to have changed hands, as a new bookseller's name appears: "Printed by I. D. and I. H. for Edward Blackmore Anno 1632." Still later, probably during the same year (at least there is no further change in date), the portrait of King Charles was again retouched, giving him the appearance of greater maturity. There are thus six different states of the engraved title, and, counting the 1625 printed title, there are seven distinct issues of the book, though the printed sheets of text in all are precisely alike, not merely word for word, but from the same types. Either the original edition of 1624 was large or the sale of the book was slow, leaving a considerable number unsold as late as 1632. Only a single copy of the issue of 1631 is known; and, as already stated, one copy only with the 1625 printed title seems to have survived. The issues of 1627 and 1632 are probably the most common.

The four folding copperplate maps seem to have been printed off a few at a time as required. Two of them had already been used in earlier books. The map of Virginia, made for and used first in Smith's "Map of Virginia," 1612, is found in eight distinct states, the earliest being distinguished by the absence of Smith's coat of arms in the lower right-hand corner and by the absence of the date 1606 below the scale and 1607 below the picture of Powhatan. The earliest states, of course, should not be found in the "Generall Historie." The reference "Page 41 Smith" in the lower right-hand corner appears first in the sixth state. The map of New England, made for and used first in Smith's "Description of New England," 1616, is found in at least nine states. The earliest, 1616 (of which two impressions only are known), is distinguished by the absence of Smith's coat of arms and the two names "P. Travers" and "Gerrards Ils." The fourth state is probably the earliest which should be found in any copy of the "Generall Historie." The two other maps "Ould Virginia" and "The Summer Ils" were apparently engraved especially for the "Generall Historie." Three states of each are known. The earliest in each case can be distinguished by the absence of the imprint "Printed by James Reeve." A fuller enumeration of the points of difference has been worked out by Mr. Eames.

In addition to the engraved title and the four maps some copies contain two interesting portraits, one of the Duchess of Richmond, and the other of Matoaka (Pocahontas). While their presence is extremely desirable from the collector's point of view, they were probably inserted in comparatively few copies. Owing to the rarity of these portraits, they were accurately reengraved at an early period and these copies sometimes pass as originals. In the reëngraving of the portrait of the Duchess of Richmond the "w" in "Howard" in the title is raised above the other letters; in the original it aligns perfectly.

Some copies of the book were printed on large and thick paper with a different water mark. The Beckford copy (now Robert Hoe's) brought £605; the Brinley copy (now in the Lenox Library) brought $1,800; and the Barlow copy (now J. Pierpont Morgan's) brought $1,900. It is small wonder that the book, in the words of the late Justin Winsor, "has long been the delight of the discriminating collector who hunts down varieties with the zest of a botanist in an untried field."

The Anderson Auction Company of this city under its new management has made an important change in the accustomed manner of selling. It announces that hereafter all bids must be made by the lot as described in the catalogue, as is the English custom. Heretofore in the American salesrooms books have been "sold by the volume, part or piece." The first sale of the new season was on September 23.

Correspondence.

THE SITUATION OF HISTORY IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am much interested in Professor MacDonald's communication under the above title, in your issue of September 12. It illustrates once more the curious mental jugglery, by means of which our educational apologists succeed in maintaining their complacent front: The patient is of course hopelessly ill—but under our treatment he has really improved; the operation was a success, but the man died—these are equivalent apologies from another realm.

Now what are the facts as Professor MacDonald states them? Formal use of textbooks has declined, emphasis is placed on social, economic, and international aspects, reference libraries have multiplied, illustrative material is in more common use. So much to prove the operation a success. What are the fatal symptoms still present? The libraries may be dipped into for occasional fun, but there isn't "time" (which, in my experience, is synonymous with "disposition") to use them seriously; the preparation of notebooks based on the use of

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outside material is a farce; there is a striking lack of orderly and exact knowledge even of elementary matters; it is often impossible to tell whether the student knows anything or not; textbooks seem to be used just as predominantly as they were before the "epoch-making report" ordered them off the premises, etc. Isn't this a clear case of a successful operation followed by—death?

Let us drop the self-deception we have so long practised in the effort to persuade ourselves that our college education and the secondary preparation determined by it attain some sort of success. A man who dares to call a spade by its name will admit that the whole business is bankrupt; it fails. As for history, our boys are both ignorant and indifferent: they don't know it, and they don't care.

How does Professor MacDonald propose to operate next time? The Eastern nations which the "epoch-making report" had most logically stitched on to Rome and Greece must be amputated; and Charles the Great ought to be tied-off. Next, the examinations must become once more just about what they were before the "epoch-making report" made them what they are. Finally, the secondary schools must do less—though they already do less than they might do, if they were free to do anything intelligently. Meanwhile, with the situation desperately bad, well—the "methods of teaching history have undergone fundamental and praiseworthy change"!

Now, then, facing the facts without the least will to console, I submit that there are two possible ways to proceed: The first is to teach the facts by main force. In the end, the boys will know, though they probably won't care. It is the way of the German *Gymnasium*, where, year in, year out, they club a submissive youth with the precious historic lore. I do not think the method available here. It can be effectively applied only where the compelling force of public opinion is behind it. In Germany they really believe the knowledge in question matters: the schools, the universities, the professions, the government, the family—all believe this knowledge matters. And with this power behind him, the teacher can use the pressure required to attain his end. It is very different with us. We don't take the thing seriously; at heart, we don't believe it matters. And it's a mistake to think that we are going to care more some day—when, as a nation, we quiet down, get cultivated and that sort of thing. We are going, I suspect, in just the opposite direction, to care, in a word, less and less. We are gradually getting our own sense of relations and values—and it's not exactly Melanchthon's, either! It doesn't, of course, permit us to turn our back on antiquity, nor, on the other hand, does it permit us to start there. Our school insistence is therefore hollow, formal, ineffective. There is no conviction—social, scholarly, official, or family—back of it.

The other way requires us to abandon the traditional method—traditional it remains despite the trimmings recommended in the "epoch-making report"—and to abandon it, "lock, stock, and barrel." Isn't it absurd, on its face, to maintain that an American boy should be free to choose which he shall know—the history of Greece or the history of his own country, the Constitution of Kleisthenes or the Constitution of the United States? What availeth it a man to know the Licinian laws, if he be ignorant of the Emancipation Proclamation and the Fifteenth Amendment? We reject outright the pretended equality of values. I have just as little patience with the contention that to understand modern polity it must be approached via the Ancients. That may be sound philosophy, it's abominable pedagogics. In education you start from experience, thence to recede, diverge, explore, as far as you, and the child, will. Once more, let us be honest. Let us even suppose the impossible; let us suppose our boys to know their ancient history textbooks. Well, what is it that they know? Is the reconstitution of a remote and alien life, polity, spirit, so simple that it is a fit occupation for babes? Scholars realize the insuperable difficulty of grasping and interpreting institutions and ideals fundamentally different from our own. The logical outcome of this fact must be the postponement of the effort to the period of mature study. The early result, if successful, is at best a successful make-believe—a guessing game with words, names, and blank symbols.

But there is worse to come: our secondary teaching of history, like our secondary teaching of literature, seems, in the light of results, a diabolically ingenious switch for diverting the attention and interest of boys from both realms forever after. In an age when we need above all things the disposition and the ability to bite into social and political problems, we cling to a scheme of historical education that kills the possibility of either. I propose, therefore, that we cease absolutely to tinker about for a result, bound to crumble in our fingers, even should we succeed in reaching it; that the "epoch-making report" be for good and all laid on the table; that the starting point of our history study be found in the institutions in which the boy lives; that first their actual operation be observed, later their genesis, purpose, etc., be investigated. Our boys will then perhaps know what an institution is—something they will never learn from the desiccated pages of the best textbook in ancient history ever written. Thence a detached, intellectual interest running in various directions may conceivably be developed. But the backbone of a genuine and serviceable, not a merely verbal, historic knowledge and interest must be an actual experience. As to that there can be no choice, not only because it is our own history, but because without it the whole study is futile—as futile as a child's attempt to understand the phenomena of Mars without a knowledge of earthly physics, chemistry, or meteorology. The procedure I urge will be supported by the progressive complications and activities of the boy's life; by a public opinion that is likely to gain in volume and strength. In the end, scholarship itself would gain by it, though that is not one of my reasons for urging it. I see no cause to regret the pass to which we have come. The effort to put ancient history in the centre fails, and it ought to fail. Let us have the sense to try something that can succeed, and that ought to succeed. The ancients will still get their innings—but they won't be first at the bat!

ABRAHAM FLEXNER.

New York, September 18.

COLLEGIATE INSTRUCTION AT NIGHT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After reading the article in the *Nation* of September 5 on University Extension, it occurs to me that you may be interested in the enclosed circular, which is exactly in the line of what you suggested. Although it has no date, it was issued about the first of September of this year.

A. LAWRENCE LOWELL.

Boston, September 17.

The circular which Professor Lowell kindly sends the *Nation* contains the following announcement:

Believing that there are many young men and women who would be glad of an opportunity to get the broad intellectual outlook to be obtained from college studies, the Lowell Institute, coöperating with Harvard University, proposes to offer to the public a few of the courses now taken at Harvard in the freshman and sophomore years. The plan is to give each year a couple of courses, to be, so far as possible, identical with those given at Harvard, taught by the same professors, and conducted in the same way, with the same tests and final examination, followed by marks on the same scale. A mark of any grade obtained in these courses will therefore be equivalent to the same mark obtained in a similar course at Harvard. The instruction will be given in the evening, in the new buildings of the Harvard Medical School, and will be free of charge. . . . The courses will begin about the first of October, and will continue until June, with vacations at Christmas and in the spring. In subsequent years, courses on other subjects will be given, the courses changing each year.

The courses will be open to men and women and a student may take either one course or both. But no persons will be allowed to attend a course unless qualified to profit by it; and for that purpose, if under twenty years of age, they must have graduated from a high school or an institution of equal grade; and if over twenty must have so graduated, or show in some other way a sufficient degree of education. . . . If a student fails to show sufficient aptitude or diligence, or to attend both lectures and sections with substantial regularity, he or she may be excluded from the course. Any one who completes the course and passes the examination satisfactorily will be given a certificate thereof.

New York University offers a considerable number of courses at night.—ED. NATION.

HOCCLEVE AND THE POEMS FROM DEGUILEVILLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The latest announcements of the Early English Text Society devote considerable space to a new edition of the prose Englishing of Deguileville's "Pilgrimage of the Soul of Man," containing "poems by Hoccleve." The editor is Dr. Hans Köstner. Since this edition will probably be a final one, an examination of Hoccleve's claim to authorship of the fourteen short poems referred to, scattered through the prose translations, is perhaps worth while.

It should be noted, first, that the Catalogue of the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum (1744, III, 126), that Miss Cust in her curiously defective edition of the work

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(1859), Warton-Hazlitt (1877, III, 67), and Prof. Brandt in Paul's, "Grundriss" all accept the work as Lydgate's, both prose and metre. Sidney Lee, in his article on Lydgate in the "Dictionary of National Biography," says it is "perhaps by Lydgate."

But Dr. Schick in the introduction to the "Temple of Glas," (1891, ci—ciii), declares against Lydgate's authorship, and points out the inaccuracies upon which the ascription has been based. He shows there is no external evidence in favor of Lydgate's claim, and adds: "Nothing . . . points decidedly to Lydgate as its author" (p. ciii).

Now Dr. Furnivall, in 1897, says that he is satisfied that the metrical portion of the work is Hoccleve's (Early English Text Society Extra Series 72). Dr. Bock, in his "Metrische Studien zu Hoccleves Versen," 1902, accepts Dr. Furnivall's view, which is the one we find in the announcement that gives rise to this article.

What evidence does Dr. Furnivall give for his opinion? In brief, it is this: one of the fourteen poems (No. VII, the "Lamentation of the Green Tree complaynyng of the losyng of hire appill"), appears separate from the rest of the text in MS. Phillipps 8151, ascribed to Hoccleve, in the midst of other poems by him. Dr. Furnivall says:

> I cannot distinguish between the Virgin's Lamentation [the poem above named], which we know is his, and that of the other thirteen poems. In them we find his syllabic *hire* for *their*. . . his *e* before a vowel and *b*, his spelling *honure* (though not his rhyme) and his thwarted accent or stress (wrong acentuation to get words in the metre).

All these points seem to me to be true, from my slight observation of the poems. But these coincidences cannot decide the matter.

Taking up the claim of Lydgate, we may discuss it at once, on one metrical test. There is hardly anything which may be called a rhyme-tag in the whole of the 931 lines of the fourteen poems. To any one familiar with Lydgate's style (it may be examined most easily in the recent excellent edition of "Troy Book" by Dr. Henry Bergen of Yale), this test will be final in excluding Lydgate from consideration.

Turning back to Hoccleve, let us see whether these poems satisfy all metrical tests. E. Vollmer, in his study in *Anglia* xxi., 203 ("Sprache und Reime des Londoners Hoccleve"), says of Hoccleve's rhymes "—*y* und —*ie* werden streng geschieden." That is, Hoccleve, like Chaucer, never rhymed *remedyë* with *whi*, for instance, since he considered the latter word monosyllabic, the other of four syllables. In this view Dr. Bock ("Metrische Studien," p. 59) cordially concurs. My own observation of what is universally admitted as Hoccleve's poetry agrees with theirs.

But it is an interesting commentary on the slipshod methods of some recent theses, that Dr. Bock totally failed to apply this test to the fourteen poems of the "Pilgrimage of the Sowle," which he nevertheless complacently accepted as Hoccleve's, and studied in his dissertation. Had he done so, he would have found in thirteen of the poems (No. vii. being ascribed to Hoccleve elsewhere, and left out of consideration for the moment), out of twenty-four times in which a rhyme occurs with the word ending in —*i*, —*y*, or *ie*, *nine* cases contrary to Hoccleve's and Chaucer's invariable usage. These I subjoin:

Poem i. l. 1, 9, maladyë: forwhi: remedyë.
Poem ii. l. 13, certifië (3 p. pl. pr.): folily.
Poem v. l. 13, on hy: companyë.
Poem v. l. 22, victóryë: enemy. (This is doubly impossible, as Hoccleve never rhymes this word with anything but stóryë, memóryë, glóryë, etc.)
Poem viii. l. 23, companyë: vilanyë: traytoursely.
Poem xiv. l. 90, cryë (inf.): openly.
Poem xiv. l. 184, enemy: hertely: *also:* (!)
Poem xiv. l. 268, companyë, openly, eternally.
Poem xiv. l. 296, on hy: companyë; humble.

Now it is fair to submit that when a group of poems presents 37 per cent. of cases of one rhyme, breaking the absolute rule of an author's practice, we have a right to demand further evidence that these poems are genuine. It is noteworthy that Poem vii., claimed elsewhere as Hoccleve's, does not contain any breaking of this rule, but has four cases in which it is obeyed. I have thus no objection to its acceptance as Hoccleve's; what then has happened to cause this interesting state of affairs? May I present a conjecture? I believe that the unknown translator of the prose versions of the "Pilgrimage of the Sowle" made the poetical versions also, *Poem vii.* alone excepted. This may be Hoccleve's work, and was inserted in the text, just as, thirteen years later, in translating Deguileville's "Pilgrimage of the Life of Man," Lydgate inserted Chaucer's "A. B. C. Prayer to the Virgin" in its proper place in the text, instead of making a new rendering of the same from Deguileville.

Dr. Furnivall will be the first to admit the validity of the rhyme-test I have here put forward.

HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN.

London, August 17.

Notes.

Longmans, Green & Co. have in press a volume of reminiscences by the late Gen. John Eaton, called "Grant, Lincoln, and the Freedmen." The book deals chiefly with the work of Gen. Eaton, when, under the directions of President Lincoln and the War Department, he took charge of the negro refugees.

The Arthur H. Clark Company of Cleveland announces a biography of Dr. John McLoughlin, by Frederick V. Holman of Portland, Oregon. Dr. McLoughlin, better known as the "Father of Oregon," was for over a quarter of a century dictator in that vast region known as the Oregon Country. The book will contain portraits and illustrative documents.

There is to be a new edition published by Smith & Elder of J. A. Symonds's "Essays Speculative and Suggestive," long out of print. The Preface is by Horatio F. Brown.

William Doxey of Baltimore announces for fall publication: "True Manhood," by Cardinal Gibbons, the basis of the volume being an address to the graduating class at Worcester University this summer; and "Rose of Old Régime," and others poems of home, love and childhood, by Folger McKinsey.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish in October the Rotch edition of Emanuel Swedenborg's Theological Works in thirty-two volumes. This is the first complete edition of Swedenborg's theological writings and the first trade edition of his works published in this country.

Clarence F. Birdseye's "Individual Training in Our Colleges" (The Macmillan Company) is a book of wider scope than the title would indicate. In a substantial volume of more than 450 pages, Mr. Birdseye relates in considerable detail the history of higher education in America, and traces the development of our universities from the early sectarian schools and colleges. He takes up the present condition of the various types of college and university, their relations with secondary and professional schools, and with the public, and the problems of athletics, of the social activities of students, of discipline, instruction, etc. His thesis, in support of which he marshals a large amount of testimony, is that our colleges generally fail in the matter of training the individual, both in mind and character. He discusses the several remedies which have been proposed, but he specially urges that Greek-letter fraternities, through the influence of the alumni, be made a more powerful instrument for maintaining high ideals of scholarship and conduct. The book is too long-drawn out, and in parts is repetitious; but it contains much important material in the form of documents and reports, as well as of the author's own observations.

"The Truth About the Congo," by Frederick Starr (Chicago: Forbes & Co.), is a reprint of a series of articles which appeared in the Chicago *Tribune* between January 20 and February 3 of the present year. It may be sufficient to say that they are frankly and unqualifiedly a defence of existing conditions in the Congo, based on a trip of several months' duration. If a person desires to maintain that floggings, chain-gangs, and prisons are unobjectionable in Central Africa because we have them also in the United States, that the British are no better than the Belgians in the matter of punishments and mutilations, and that the Congo natives are not very susceptible to pain, anyhow, there is little chance, or need, for argument.

The article upon Bolivia by its minister to this country, Señor Y. Calderon, is the most prominent feature, barring the illustrations, of the *National Geographic Magazine* for September. A sketch of Bolivia's early history is followed by suggestive facts in regard to its material resources, commerce, and future prospects. Treating of the need of better communication with the coast he says that nearly one thousand miles of railway are being constructed by an American syndicate which will open to commerce the most thickly populated section of the country. As regards the future, he ventures the hope that "a confederation of Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, and Paraguay as the United States of South America, will be established, and that Ecuador, Venezuela, and Colombia, reunited, and Brazil will form a trinity of nations that, with their sisters of the North, will be the beacon light of the world, shining with the undimmed brightness of human rights, peace, and happiness." L. A. Bauer describes the work in

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the Pacific Ocean of the magnetic survey yacht Galilee, under the direction of W. J. Peters, the funds being supplied by the Carnegie Institution of Washington. He concludes with a plea for the construction of an entirely non-magnetic specially built vessel, which would not only greatly facilitate the acquirement of the magnetic data and reduce the running expenses, but would add materially to the safety of those on board.

A remarkably vivid characterization of the Arabs and Kurds of northern Mesopotamia is to be found in the account given by Mark Sykes of his recent journeys in that country in the *Geographical Journal* for September. His portratture of them enables one to understand why the region, once teeming with inhabitants, is now practically a desert, though its wonderful fertility is shown by the fact "that the hillsides are splashed with yellow, blue, and purple, while on the rriversides our horses could hardly force their way through the snowy banks of daisies and cowslips." Especially interesting is his description of the elaborate form of sport among the Arabs, which is at the same time the serious business of their lives, that is "the regular and endless warfare in which they are continually engaged with one another." Among the rules of war, which are strictly and decently observed, are the following:

> To kill an enemy in battle is discreditable and savage; to wound slightly is what is aimed at, and to wound a man slightly with a bamboo lance twenty feet long is no small feat of skill. To surrender is not discreditable; flight is as justifiable as attack; to carry on warfare at night would be scandalous and shameful.

Ellsworth Huntington, the well-known American traveller, gives some of the results of his explorations in the basin of Turfan in Chinese Turkestan, which is of "peculiar interest, because, though situated in the very heart of Asia, its lowest portion lies 300 feet below sea level." Its climate is characterized by extremes.

"A Text-Book of Irish Literature," part i., by Eleanor Hull (London: Nutt), was written primarily as a text-book to meet the growing demands of Irish intermediate schools for works on the national literature, but it will be found equally convenient by the general reader who wishes a brief introduction to the subject. With a few reservations, we can commend it cordially for both these uses. Our chief criticism of it would be that Miss Hull accepts too freely the traditional dates and ascriptions of early Irish writings, or, at least, fails to distinguish clearly between dates which are merely traditional and those which are historically assured. She is familiar, to be sure, with the methods of critical scholarship and makes frequent use of its results, even in the matters to which we now have reference. She shows a prudent skepticism about the works of pre-Christian poets like Amergin and Ferceirtne (page 203); and she recognizes that the hymn attributed to St. Fiacc must be considerably later than the date of its reputed author (page 150). But, for the most part, she speaks of the poems assigned to the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries as if their authorship were definitely proved, whereas, in many cases, it is doubtful, and some of the pieces are now believed, for good reasons, to be of a later age. The splendid "Song of the Sea," for example, said on page 230 to have been composed by Ruman Mac Colmain, who died in 747, is held by Dr. Kuno Meyer, on linguistic grounds, to be as late as the eleventh century. On the whole, the defects of the work are such as might be easily corrected in a revision. Its excellences, on the other hand, are more organic and important. The materials are well chosen to illustrate all the important phases of early Irish literature; the style is clear and agreeable, and the arrangement effective. The literary judgments expressed are sound and independent; not lacking in enthusiasm, but free from the extravagances of praise in which perfervid Celts are wont to indulge. We would commend particularly what the author has to say (on page 99) of an "element of fine and healthy optimism which is strangely at variance with the modern popular conception of the prevailing melancholy of Irish literature." It is a satisfaction to have a text-book which will not perpetuate a misapprehension of Celtic literature which has been almost ineradicable since the time of Macpherson.

"The Apology and Crito of Plato" have been edited by Isaac Flagg (The American Book Co.) primarily in order to present an edition of these two dialogues, which would contribute to the mastery of the text as so much Greek. The commentary, which is at the bottom of the page, lays especial stress upon the linguistic side, the grammar and syntax, and upon what English teachers of to-day call the rhetorical analysis of the text. Professor Flagg's long experience as a teacher renders this part of the work eminently practical and thorough. Other matters such as geographical allusions, biographical details, technical terms of Attic legal procedure, as well as the elusive twists and turns of meaning which are characteristic of Plato's style are explained in later pages. It seems unfortunate that the main commentary on these immortal dialogues should be grammatical, and yet they are usually read early in the college course, when the important matter is that the student should learn Greek. The introduction is devoted to a sympathetic discussion of Socrates as the great dialectician, and to dialectic itself. It is admirably written. Its very value, however, will render it difficult to teach; it can hardly be assigned in regular lessons. But a judicious teacher can probably find a way to make his students read it so as to touch the emotion as well as the mind—and that is doubtless all that the writer could reasonably expect.

Prof. William F. Giese of Wisconsin has edited Renan's "Ma Sœur Henriette" (Henry Holt & Co.), a delightful bit of biography, appealing to a taste for delicate intellectual pleasure, made more serviceable by the annotations of an experienced teacher.

The same firm has issued Edmond About's "Le Roi des Montagnes," with notes, exercises, and vocabulary by Otto Patzer of the University of Wisconsin. About is a satirist too little known in America, and "Le Roi des Montagnes," a yarn about the capture of a young German and two English women by a Greek bandit, is sure to interest the advanced high school student or freshman.

The new quarterly review *Menschheitsziele* (Humanity's Aims), edited by Dr. Molinaar of Munich, and published by Otto Wigand, in Leipzig, is an important addition to German periodical literature. The three numbers which have already appeared show that every effort is made to secure the best contributors, who treat a variety of artistic, literary and scientific topics in an interesting and instructive manner, and with an independent and liberal spirit.

A new edition of the fun-poking "Faust: der Tragödie Dritter Teil," by Deutobold Symbolizetti Allegoriowitsch Mystifizinsky, otherwise Friedrich Theodor Vischer, author of "Aesthetik oder Wissenschaft des Schönen," and "Auch Einer," has just made its appearance, to commemorate the centenary of the author's birth in 1807. Tübingen: Laupp'sche Buchhandlung.

"Streifzüge durch die Welt der Grossstadtkinder," (New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.) is the title of an attractive pedagogical help in the form of "excursions" undertaken by the Bremen schoolmaster, F. Gansberg, who seems to know city youngsters well and just what is likely to interest them. Little Hans and his comrades have all sorts of adventures in the streets, the markets, the warehouses, the parks and the suburbs, and with saucer-like eyes learn a deal about the big and noisy world, as well as something of its quiet corners. The book deals with German life, of course, but wide-awake American teachers reading German and believing in *Anschauungsunterricht* should find the work suggestive. Profuse pen and ink drawings by C. Windels adorn the volume and make it practical.

It used to be the fashion for several of the illustrated English journals to issue their Christmas numbers so early in the season that the dazed bookstall visitor wondered whether it was autumn, winter or spring. Now come the German *Kalender* for 1908. First there is the "Historische Kalender des Lahrer Hinkenden Boten," which, in its course of one hundred and eight years, has proved to thousands of German families as welcome as the old-fashioned "Farmer's Almanac" was to our fathers. Latin names of saints, heroes of German tradition, reproductions of old-time woodcuts, peasant love-stories, and a review of President Roosevelt's performances and other strange manifestations of nature in the New World are jumbled together in black and red ink. The "Fliegende Blätter Kalender" is perhaps the next best known, maintaining its reputation for quiet humor and tender pathos, much of the text being well illustrated. The "Münchener Kalender" is the quaintest of all, got up in old German letter, with mediæval drawings suggesting both monastery and *Rathskeller*, and printed in black, red, and blue. The "Daheim Kalender" is a modern affair, neatly bound in cloth, with an illustrated necrology, original poems and stories, and much up-to-date statistics of value to all who are interested in the German Empire. All these annuals are imported by G. E. Stechert & Co., New York.

Rütten & Loenig's Literarische Anstalt in Frankfort publishes, as the latest number of Die Gesellschaft, edited by Martin Buber, "Die Sprache," by Fritz Mauthner, designed as an introduction to the discussion of the

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relation of language to custom and morality, religion and training, politics and law, people and social intercourse. Other recent publications in this series are: "Der Handel," by Richard Calwer; "Der Architekt," by Karl Scheffler; "Die geistigen Epidemien," by Willy Hellpach; and "Das Warenhaus," by Paul Göhre. Twelve numbers in all have thus far appeared. It is characteristic of the changes being daily wrought in scientific and commercial Germany that books of this sort should be issued in highly ornamented text—colored initials and fancy titles.

Not merely love of travel, but the stimulation of patriotism and an increase of interest in local history, are evidenced in the constantly increasing numbers of special works, well prepared and well printed, dealing with German towns and localities. Paul Ernst has just written up "Der Harz," and Wilhelm Schäfer "Der Niederrhein und das bergische Land" (New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.) Each volume contains eight full-page illustrations, some from recent photographs, some from modern paintings, and some—would that authors and publishers more often appreciated the value of this class—from old engravings, giving us the Harz and the Rhine not only as Ludwig Richter, Heine, and other Germans saw it, but as it was viewed long ago by our early American travellers. In the same series with the Harz is a volume "Wien." by Hermann Bahr (somewhat celebrated because its sale has already been prohibited there); "München," by Joseph Ruederer; and "Der Bodensee," by Wilhelm von Scholz. Such books, and not Baedeker alone, should be studied carefully by those Americans who go abroad, know their route beforehand, and yet are too negligent of their preliminary reading to get the most from their journey.

Prof. Philip Schuyler Allen has edited for Ginn & Co. Goethe's "Iphigenie auf Tauris", with 42 pages of introduction, 47 of notes, over 450 questions in German, and a vocabulary. These last two features differentiate the edition from others that have preceded it. Professor Allen defends the use of a specially prepared vocabulary by declaring that Flügel, Muret-Sanders, and Thieme all fail at times to give adequate English for Goethe's "Iphigenie."

Viktor Blüthgen's "Das Peterle von Nürnberg" has been edited by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt for D. C. Heath & Co. Blüthgen is a contemporary author, who still lives in Freienwalde, near Berlin. By this romance, old Nuremberg, with its ramparts and battlements, is brought again to view, and to make it still more realistic, the editor has added a picture of Dürer's *Haus* and another of the *Markt,* accompanying them with quotations from Longfellow's well-known poem on Nuremberg.

The extent to which the historic conception of the origin and early development of Christianity has taken the place of the traditional dogmatical interpretations of its beginnings is apparent from the fact that two new works on the history of the New Testament age, as the historical background in which the New Testament teachings live and move, have just appeared, while two old and important works on the same subject have been published in a thoroughly revised form, and still another is to appear in its fifth edition—all the work of German scholars. The last mentioned is the standard work of Prof. Emil Schürer of Göttingen, whose "Neutestamentliche Zeitgeschichte" is forthcoming in a new edition from the press of Hinrichs in Leipzig. Of W. Bousset's work, "Die Religion des Judentums im neutestamentlichen Zeitalter," a second and greatly improved edition has just been issued by Reuther & Reichard of Berlin. This work, as might be expected from the author of "Jesus," in the Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher, regards this whole period from the modern point of view of the historical school, seeing in the teachings of Christianity to a large extent a syncresis of the current religious ideas and ideals. Dr. Oskar Holtzmann's "Neutestamentliche Zeitgeschichte," has also now appeared in a second edition from the press of Mohr, in Tübingen, and in its new form is an excellent handbook for students, a *Studentenbuch;* but Holtzmann confines himself strictly to the Jewish world of thought. In a more popular form and under the same title, Dr. W. Staerk publishes, in two booklets, an outline of the civilization and culture that formed the background of Christianity (Leipzig: Goeschen); while in Wendland's "Die hellenistisch-römische Kultur in ihren Beziehungen zu Judentum und Christentum" (Tübingen: Mohr), which constitutes one of the series called Handbücher zum Neuen Testament, edited by H. Lietzmann, we have a refreshing novelty in the shape of a discussion of this absorbing topic, not by a theologian, but by a classical philologian.

Those interested in the details of Palestine archæological investigation will welcome the new annual reports of the German Evangelical Institute in Jerusalem, which has now published two issues of its "Palestina Jahrbücher," edited by the leader of this school in Jerusalem, Prof. Gustav Dalman of the University of Leipzig. This Archæological Institute is entirely independent of the German Palestine Association and its *Journal,* having been founded by the representatives of the different German state churches as these meet biennially in the Eisenach Conference. The institute is modelled after the classical schools in Rome and Athens, the purpose being largely to equip young university graduates for an academic career in the Biblical departments at home. These two volumes contain reports of researches made by the members of the Institute in different parts of Palestine. Most of these papers are geographical, topographical, and archæological. The publishers are Siegfried Mittler und Sohn, in Berlin.

The death of Eugene Lee-Hamilton is reported from Bagni di Lucca. He was born in London in 1845, and was a half-brother of Miss Violet Paget (Vernon Lee). After studying at Oxford, as well as in France and Germany, he entered the diplomatic service and was successively stationed at Paris and Lisbon. He published a number of volumes of verse, and was particularly successful in the sonnet form. Among his books are: "Poems and Transcripts," 1878; "Gods, Saints, and Men," 1880; "The New Medusa," 1882; "Apollo and Marsyas," 1884; "Imaginary Sonnets," 1888; "The Fountain of Youth," 1891; "Sonnets of the Wingless Hours," 1894; Translation of Dante's "Inferno," 1898; "Forest Notes" (with Mrs. Lee-Hamilton) 1899; and "The Lord of the Dark Red Star," 1903. He married Miss Annie E. Holdsworth, the novelist.

THE SEIGNIORIAL SYSTEM.

The Seigniorial System in Canada: A Study in French Colonial Policy. By W. B. Munro. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2 net.

This is a volume which belongs to the borderland between history and law; or, rather, it is such a study of institutions as would illustrate, if there were further need, the indebtedness of law to the historical method. The subject of seigniorial tenure in Canada has already been approached by able minds. Canadians, indeed, may well doubt whether any question arising from the life of their country has been debated with equal acumen. The Seigniorial Court of 1855 embraced an array of legal talent which did high credit to British North America, and would have deserved to attract attention anywhere. Among the fifteen judges were Lafontaine and Mondelet, Caron, Day, and Morin. Among the counsel were Angers, Barnard, and, above all others, Christopher Dunkin. But, despite great natural ability and exhaustive researches, these men were unable to say the last word upon seigniorial tenure. It has been reserved for Professor Munro not only to coördinate materials which were brought together fifty years ago with those which have been accumulated by his own efforts, but to supply the proper perspective, enliven obscure details by critical insight, and set forth the seigniorial system as an organic whole.

We must point out that the significance of the subject is more than local. For Canadians the seigniorial régime connotes the whole social order as it was in the days of Champlain and Talon, of Frontenac and Vaudreuil. But this is not all. D'Iberville and Bienville, François Hertel and Hertel de Rouville, have a part in the annals of New England which represents, besides personal heroism, a sharp conflict of ideals, a divergence in national evolution that takes one back to the France of St. Louis and the England of Simon de Montfort. The strife for political mastery in North America loses much of its meaning if the reader has neglected to learn what lay behind the raids upon Pemaquid and Deerfield. Nor can there be any due apprehension of the course followed by this unequal struggle without previous knowledge of French colonization and the militia system of New France as these were bound up with the relation of Seignior and *censitaire.* Finally, the present work should make its appeal to scholars who, caring little for the episodes of American history, are yet interested in the forms assumed by a belated feudalism when divorced from the land of its origin.

We may expect, then, that Professor Munro will command a wider audience than is claimed by most writers on legal and institutional subjects. But while his book is likely to be read with much interest in the United States, England, and France, it should find its warmest welcome among Canadians. Limiting still further one's range of statement, it is clear that this

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study belongs chiefly to those who inhabit the Province of Quebec. On the banks of the St. Lawrence from Ile Perrot to the Gulf was the home of the seigniorial system, and here there linger curious survivals of it which cannot fail to catch the attention even of summer tourists. Nor is it in an academic or antiquarian spirit alone that Canadians approach a system of land tenure which long since lost its social importance. On July 12 the Orangeman of Ontario still delights to think of the French Canadian as a base sort of person, descended from a serf who suffered his wheat to be ground at the master's mill and confessed servility by dancing around the manorial Maypole. After all, when A. G. Bradley can call the habitant of the Old Régime "a slave," it is not so strange that Canadian Protestants who love to proclaim the Protestantism of the Protestant religion, should find a handle for taunt or argument in the subjection of the *censitaire*.

Apart from wilful prejudice, most of the misapprehension that has arisen regarding the nature of the seigniorial relation may be said to spring from one of two causes. There are, of course, many in whose habitual talk about feudalism, vassal and serf are synonymous terms. A second source of error is the failure to allow for great changes in the spirit and practice of feudalism under conditions which were imposed upon French colonists and the French Crown by the New World. Of one special blunder historical writers seem to be guilty no less often than the man in the street, or the general reader. Neither *ex hypothesi* nor as a rule was the seignior of New France a noble and therefore endowed with the privileges attaching to membership in the Second Estate. The typical seigniors of the Laurentian valley were men like Louis Hébert, who had been an apothecary in Paris, Charles Lemoyne, whose father was an inn keeper of Dieppe, and Jacques Le Ber, who, having made money from his shop in Montreal, purchased the estate of Senneville. A few genuine nobles made their way to Canada and occasionally a colonist was ennobled for distinguished service. In New France one never finds a noble who is not also a seignior, but the *bona fide* aristocrat with letters patent appears but seldom in Canadian society. As for the *lods et ventes* and the banalities, the habitant was far from being a serf in the European sense of the word. For example, *lods et ventes*, which in France constituted a considerable tax, were in Canada but a slight encumbrance, while in the important case of the banal mill Professor Munro is able to prove that the Crown compelled the seignior to maintain it for the benefit of his dependents, though frequently at a loss to himself.

It is a matter of practical moment that the English Canadian should realize the exact position of the habitant under the Old Régime, and full data for forming such a judgment are supplied by Professor Munro. In our opinion this whole question assumes greater dimensions when viewed from the standpoint of the *censitaire* than from the standpoint of the *seigneur*. The seigniorial system has practically vanished, and among titles of honor the barony of Longueil is only a picturesque survival. But the habitant remains and feels a pride in his antecedents which will not be lessened if ever Mr. Bourassa becomes premier of Quebec. We therefore believe that Professor Munro renders a genuine service to public life in Canada by giving a learned, impartial, and discriminating account of this institution under which the destinies of the French Canadians received their first direction. M. Sulte points out how prone the English Canadian is to harp upon feudalism and serfdom whenever he has a chance to mention seigniorial tenure. Henceforth there will be no excuse for loose talk upon this subject since we have before us a work which distinguishes with perfect clearness between the French noble and the Canadian seignior, between the French *roturier* and the Canadian habitant.

Having thus emphasized what seems to us the chief utilitarian aspect of Professor Munro's monograph, we must say a few words regarding its structure. Each of the twelve chapters is an essay on some salient aspect of the central theme. Professor Munro first fills in the European background of the seigniorial régime, dealing chiefly with the *coutumes* and the establishment of the *Coutume de Paris* as the basis of law in New France. After this come two chapters on seigniorial grants, early and later, the line of division being made to fall at 1666. Chronology thus placated, the body of the work comprises eight studies which display the seigniorial system in full working order. "The Seignior and his Superiors," "The Seignior and his Dependents," "The Seigniorial Noblesse," "The Seigniorial System in the Church" are titles which reflect several leading features of the inquiry, while many details relating to privilege and status are swept together under the head of "The Banalities," "The Corvée, and Other Exactions," and "Seigniorial Justice." Nor does Professor Munro close with the surrender of Lévis to Amherst. The volume finds a fitting termination in two chapters which supply the sequel—the "Seigniorial System under British Administration" and "The Abolition of the Seigniorial System."

We have given the foregoing abstract of contents because it will show more clearly than much comment the range of this work and the elaboration of its analysis. Obviously it is impossible that we should give even in epitome an account of the rights which the seignior possessed over his dependents or of the obligations by which he was bound to the crown. Following out, however, what has been said before, we must repeat that for us the chief interest of the volume resides in what it shows forth concerning the fortunes and character of the habitant as affected by seigniorialism. Hence we are led to scrutinize most closely the account which Professor Munro gives of the rights possessed by the seignior as these do or do not imply servility on the part of the *censitaire*. In other words, we turn to the chapters on the banalities and the *corvée* for the most important information which the investigator is likely to furnish.

Under the head of banalities the *censitaire* of New France was subject to two obligations, and two only, whereas the French peasant was burdened by a large number. As Professor Munro says:

In various parts of France the seigniorial banalities included the right to build and operate grist-mills, cork-factories, hemp-factories, saw-mills, bake-ovens, wine-presses, cider-mills, slaughter-houses, etc.; but the nature and extent of the rights varied very greatly in different provinces. Out of the long list of privileges only two were ever claimed in Canada, the grist-mill and bake-oven banalities; and of these only the former was ever enforced to any extent.

How little the *droit de four* weighed upon the habitant may be inferred from the fact that at most only three or four seigniorial ovens were ever erected in Canada. If it be urged that the seigniorial mill could not be escaped, the answer is that, on the whole, the lord was the loser by the bargain. "The banal mill," says the Intendant Randot in 1708, "is always to the advantage of the inhabitants, who have not the means of erecting mills themselves."

In writing upon the subject of *corvée* labor Professor Munro brings out one fact which is not unlikely to cause surprise, and may be cited as showing how wide an interval separates the *corvée* of feudalism from the *corvée* of the seigniorial régime in New France. It is actually a fact that the seigniors were able to increase their demands upon the time of their dependents after the conquest of Canada by the British. Here is a statement worth recommending to the notice of A. G. Bradley, who flatly calls the habitant a slave to the *corvée*. Any slavery there may have been was greater from 1760 to 1843 than under French rule. "Very rarely," says Professor Munro, when speaking of the conditions which prevailed from Champlain to Vaudreuil, "did the seignior demand more than six days in all"—or less than two per cent. of the time. In 1716 the crown had intervened to restrict the operation of the *corvée*. After 1760, however, the seigniors, in the absence of special check, widened their claims upon the time of the habitant whenever they had a chance to execute new deeds. As a result the seigniorial system during its last years was attacked with more bitterness on the ground of the *corvée* than on any other. But it should be remembered that the amount of *corvée* service referred to in the report of the Commission of 1843 meant a distinct enhancement on the demands which had been made for a generation before the Cession.

We shall not tabulate at length the other exactions that were legalized by the seigniorial system, for upon analysis they appear of no great scope. Parkman would have us see in the *droit de pêche* an important burden, whereas, says Professor Munro, with fuller knowledge, "it appears to have been insisted upon quite infrequently, and never to have been regarded by the seigniors as of much account." The *droit de chasse* was even more trivial, nor can one see a severe source of oppression in the seignior's right to collect toll for the use of his ferry. The final judgment which Professor Munro has formed after an exhaustive study of the whole evidence is expressed in the following words:

Taken as a whole, the burdens imposed upon the habitant by the seignior of the old system in Canada were far from onerous. To declare that they were "more nominal than real," seems scarcely justifiable, in view of the general poverty of the class upon which they were imposed; they certainly were not so regarded by the habitants themselves. Still, the Ca-

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nadian habitant was, in this respect, much better off than his prototype, the French *censitaire*. In all cases his obligations were fixed with, at least, some degree of definiteness, and the method of exaction was never harsh or cruel. From the most odious incidents of the seigniorial system in France he was almost "entirely free. He was protected, moreover, not alone by the letter and the spirit of the law, but by the administrative jurisdiction of the intendant, to whom he might appeal, with little expense, and with reasonable hope of success, whenever a seigniorial exaction, though legal, seemed unjust or contrary to public policy.

Next to the interest which Professor Munro awakens by his discussion of the contact between seignior and habitant we would place that which springs from his account of "The Seigniorial System and the Church." In French Canada the race owes much more to the Church than the Church owes to the race. In other words, it is the Church which has preserved the race rather than the reverse. Knowing this, as every one must who has the slightest familiarity with the Province of Quebec, the chapter on the relations of curé and seignior at once comes into the front rank. Examples of ecclesiastical influence and control in New France need hardly be emphasized. But it may be worth while to point out one limitation upon the powers of the French Canadian clergy. Unlike the bishops and abbots of the mother country, the upper clergy in Canada did not seek to supplant the customary law of the domain by canonical jurisprudence. Professor Munro brings out the point we have in mind when he says:

Had the hierarchy of New France assumed its feudal judicial power, it would have been interesting to note how far it would have departed from the custom of Paris in favor of that system of jurisprudence with which it was more familiar; but the various clerical officials and orders manifested no desire to exercise judicial authority. Indeed, when the royal court was established at Montreal, the Sulpitians petitioned that their seigniorial judicial powers might be revoked, and secured an ordinance effecting this revocation.

In seeking to accentuate certain features of this admirable study that must modify the harsher judgments which have been passed on the seigniorial system, we must not give much positive praise to the form of land tenure established in New France during the days of its infancy. M. Sulte contends that the seigniors did much for colonization. Up to a certain point he may be right, but once established, seigniorial tenure helped to depress agriculture and check private enterprise. On the whole, we are inclined to give judgment in some such terms as these: Transferred under a belated form to the New World, French feudalism was softened by the wilderness, but never became well adapted to colonial needs. It furnished a scheme of civil society which was neither ignoble nor oppressive, but which did little to expand human faculty. It did not make the habitant a slave, but it failed to make him a prosperous, enlightened citizen.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Secret Agent: A Simple Tale. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Harper & Bros.

Mr. Conrad (Joseph Conrad Korzeniowszi) has disappointed some of his early admirers. On the strength of his first stories, he was hailed as the coming novelist, a man whose writing possessed both substance and style. English was not his mother tongue, but he had mastered it completely, and wrote with astonishing power. Some of his descriptions, especially in his tales of the sea, stood comparison with the work of Stevenson and Kipling. But "Nostromo" was rather a heavy dose—prolix and in construction suggesting Browning's "The Ring and the Book." When you finally got through it, you felt that you had read an impressive novel, but in many passages attention flagged.

"The Secret Agent" is still less of a story. Mr. Conrad is fluent, almost too fluent. He is a master of striking phrase and of mechanically admirable sentences. He offers us some brilliant bits of description, but the narrative as a whole does not move. It tells us of a secret agent employed by the Russian Embassy in London, and of his relations with his employers, with the police, the anarchists on whom he spies, and the members of his own family. The incidents are bomb-throwing, murder, and suicide—the raw stuff of a shilling shocker. But the events are so overlaid with description, analysis, and the study of the psychological side of the characters that the book is hard to read. The characters stand forth clearly enough, but you cannot get interested in them till you have gone through the first half of the volume. This is too heavy a draft on the faith of a reader.

A Lost Leader. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The prolific Mr. Oppenheim has again brought forth a mouse. As usual, his plot is ingenious, and his narrative moves with facility. There are even moments when we seem to be approaching a real significance of characterization or incident; but the thing never quite comes off. The truth is, Mr. Oppenheim's manner is a bit too candidly professional. He has done the trick many times, and is confident of doing it many times more; one may imagine him blandly aware of the fact that it is not much of a trick after all.

Glance at the substance of the present story. You would think from the cover it was a golfing romance, and from the opening chapter it was a political novel. In fact, it merely chronicles the silly love affairs of a he-puppet. Mannering is supposed to be a statesman who on the eve of supreme success steps out of politics and retires to a cottage by the North Sea. Here he is pursued by the heavy villain, a sneering and worldly-practical politician of a villain, who adjures him in the sacred name of the party to return to his proper task, and says he may easily be Premier if he will be good. Mannering says no; he has found Nature, and proposes to stay with her. Exit the villain, disgruntled on two counts; for, besides failing in his mission, he has discovered that Mannering is hand in glove with the woman he himself intends to marry. She is a duchess, a widow, one of those lady Britons who, fiction informs us, have an important finger in the political pie of our thicker-than-water cousins. Under an alias and in the name of the party, she has followed Mannering to his retreat, with the intention of winning him back to the party ranks. By the time the villain arrives, however, the two are upon philandering terms. It is an excellent situation. Unfortunately, little or nothing is made of it; the subsequent evolutions through which the personæ are put are of a purely mechanical order. As for the reality of the characters, it should suffice to say that Mannering deliberately proposes marriage to two women at once; and that the duchess pursues him with vulgar overtures after his marriage to the other woman. He is a cad and she is a cat, but apparently Mr. Oppenheim does not notice it. Perhaps he merely takes it for granted that his audience will not notice it.

Who Killed Lady Poynder? By Richard Marsh. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Prof. Brander Matthews, who, in a recent magazine article, discussed Poe in his capacity as the father of the short detective story, gave scant attention to the paternity of the long detective story. Possibly Wilkie Collins was its father. At all events, the difference between these two forms of sensational fiction is not merely one of length. Detective stories have a way of being very long or very short. The purely intellectual problems of the short variety are likely to be replaced in the long by a lavishness of plot that is sometimes a superabundance.

"Who Killed Lady Poynder?" is a story of nearly 130,000 words, constructed on the principle which has produced so many rattling stories in the past, that of supplying really damning evidence against every person, male or female, who has any connection with the plot at all. Lady Poynder was shot in her own house in London. The author's ingenuity is expended in showing how many persons had or might have had both opportunity and motive for the murder. As one after another is taken up, accused, and then proved innocent, one thinks of Gilbert's ballad of Pacha Bailey Ben:

> But why should I encumber you
> With histories of Matthew Coo?
> Let Matthew Coo at once take wing
> 'Tis not of him I'm going to sing.

Granting one tremendous coincidence—a coincidence of coincidences, in fact—the reasoning is plausible and the tale entertaining enough. But in respect to method it is a horrible example of the effect of trying to put a novel of mystery and a novel of manners between the same covers. Those who do this sort of writing best are content to kill one bird at a time.

Human Affairs. By Vincent O'Sullivan. London: David Nutt.

Mr. O'Sullivan is an art-for-art's-sake man, so he naturally has several manners, none of which is determinably his own. From the evidence of this collection of tales one might construct for him an amazing trinity of masters composed of Carlyle, Henry James, and Maupassant. He is ready to be sardonic with the first, drily cunctatory with the second, and grimly pictorial with the third. He can turn you off a *conte*, a psychological study, or a pungent satire. It is all amusing, above the average in contents and workmanship, but not quite (alas that we are driven to the word) convincing. The style is not the man. Almost any one of these tales, satires, sketches, would be more effective read by itself.

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"Verschoyle's House," the longest of them (it takes up half the book), is a parabolic narrative of not a little grim power. The action is set in Cromwell's time. A girl in love is married to a wicked old man, whose malignity is rendered more sinister by certain reputed dealings in the occult. Presently, out of sheer wantonness, he puts the young wife and her lover under the strain of a long temptation. At a moment when the lovers, still innocent, have almost forgotten his existence, the old man lodges false political information against the young one, who eventually becomes his executioner. The lovers are married, but the old man's curse is upon them. Something forces the young man to haunt the grave of his enemy. A subtle change begins in him, so that while he remains himself in other ways, he gradually takes on the bodily aspect of the dead man. The wife shrinks from him increasingly, dies half-maddened by the horror at her side, and leaves the wretched monster to linger out the rest of his piteous days alone. "Notices of the Life of Mrs. Fladd" is a rather bitter satire upon popular idols, in the elaborately casual manner of our psychological humorists. There are one or two briefer satirical bits; the sketches which remain are comparatively slight. One of them, "At the Revue," sounds like a close translation from the French.

The Burning Torch. By F. F. Montrésor. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

With its young girl fortuitously returned from the colonies, and thrown upon the mercy of relatives at "home," this story at first glance seems to belong to a popular type of English novel. The heroine, however, is not a pauper, to start with, and she does not marry a lord, to end with; and in the interim she is not merely the tender miss who waiteth for the bridegroom of attested eligibility. In fact, it is only fair to warn gentle readers that though "The Burning Torch" has certain of the earmarks of the pretty story, affairs are not managed at all according to code. The heroine not only does not marry, she is killed in a railway collision. This, being a kind of domestic Cassandra, she has foreseen, as, helpless to prevent or to convince, she has foreseen all the other catastrophes which have befallen her circle—the suicide of her father, the almost patricide of her favorite cousin, the violent death in the desert of the man she loves. The fatal gift of second sight has descended to her from a remote Highland ancestor. Yet she keeps her girlish sweetness and faith to the end; and is, indeed, a really lovely and lovable figure of womanly steadfastness and loving-kindness.

William Blake. By Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

Blake begins to rival Browning as a corpus for exegetes, and it must be admitted that some of the recent publications have been profitable even for the rational reader. John Sampson's edition of the Poetical Works (1905) not only gives, for the first time, a correct text of the lyrics, but by its ample notes shows how the poems grew to their final form. "The Letters of William Blake; together with a Life by Frederick Tatham," edited by A. G. B. Russell (1906), gives in print two of the early sources of information. Practically everything of value both in the Letters and in Tatham's Life had been used by Gilchrist, but it was well enough to have the material complete and separate. Then in 1906 came E. J. Ellis's "Poetical Works of William Blake," the only edition containing the Prophetic Books, and, in 1907, the highly desirable reprint in a single volume of Gilchrist's standard Life, with a number of reproductions of Blake's pictures. Nor do these titles exhaust the list. It will be seen, therefore, that any new book on Blake must justify its appearance by extraordinary merit, and it cannot be said that Mr. Symons's work quite stands the test.

Any such qualification of praise, however, can hardly be applied to the second part of the volume. Mr. Symons has here gathered together and reprinted from the MSS., where possible, all the records of Blake's life from contemporary sources, down to the publication of Gilchrist's Life in 1863, but excluding the Letters and Tatham's Life, which were made easily available last year. Among other things we have here a complete and exact transcription of the parts of Crabb Robinson's Diary and Reminiscences alluding to Blake. To be sure, only one correction of the vulgate edition of Robinson is of special importance, but that is a passage, hitherto unprinted, which throws a curious light on Blake's ethical ideas—morals would scarcely be the word:

13th June (1826).—I saw him again in June. He was as wild as ever, says my journal; but he was led to-day to make assertions more palpably mischievous and capable of influencing other minds, and immoral, supposing them to express the will of a responsible agent, than anything he had said before. As, for instance, that he had learned from the Bible that wives should be in common. And when I objected that Marriage was a Divine institution he referred to the Bible, "that from the beginning it was not so." He affirmed that he had committed many murders, and repeated his doctrine, that reason is the only Sin, and that careless, gay people are better than those who think, etc., etc.

Mr. Symons uses the passage as evidence that Blake's reputed project of adding "a concubine to his establishment in the Old Testament manner" may have been something more than a whim of the imagination, but he makes haste to add that Blake "was of all people least impelled to go and do a thing because he considered the thing a permissible one to do."

It is of the first half of the volume, containing Mr. Symons's own contribution to the Blake literature, that we are somewhat doubtful. As a biography the work is readable and sufficiently brief. It also clears up one or two minute errors, such as the names of Blake's brothers and sisters, the dates of their births, and the date of his wife's birth. It explodes, so far as negative evidence can do so, the fiction that the family—like that of every genius, if one accepts current biography—was of Celtic origin. But even Blake enthusiasts will scarcely make a stir over these discoveries, whereas we fear that certain of them will make too much of a stir over the critical parts of the work. There is to-day a class of hungry souls who, having graduated from Dante, Shelley, Whitman, and a succession of other gospels, have at last fixed their intellectual teeth on Blake. You will meet little circles of them here and there in the country, sad-eyed women and feline-looking men, who find in the Prophetic Books the last word of spiritual truth. Now, Mr. Symons is too well-trained a writer to fall into the jargon of these unfed spiritual Searchers, but his work does show the complete blindness to everything outside of the field of extreme romanticism, which makes the pabulum of such coteries. "To define the poetry of Blake," he says, "one must find new definitions for poetry; but, these definitions once found, he will seem to be the only poet who is a poet in essence"; and again, he "is the only poet who sees all temporal things under the form of eternity." There is a sense in which such sentences may be true; they are entirely misleading as they stand in Mr. Symons's pages, and give the impression that he places Blake above all the hierarchy of poets and sages—side by side with Nietzsche! In truth, Blake often, as Mr. Symons insists, has the uncorrupted wisdom of childhood, the pure vision untroubled by the dust and passions of the world; his abhorrence of the experience of life and his contempt for education were, as he meant them, often signs of an aerial spirituality. His two famous dicta:

Bacon, Locke, and Newton are the three great teachers of Atheism or of Satan's doctrine.

Everything is Atheism which assumes the reality of the natural and unspiritual world—

come from a region of inspiration closed and double-barred to almost every other mind of the eighteenth century. All this is true; but it is also true that a good deal of Blake is mere childishness, and that be paid a heavy penalty in merely stuttering mysticism for repudiating the forms of thought of his age. Mr. Symons has his reservations when he comes to the more unintelligible of the Prophetic Books, but his criticism, as a whole, has the ring of a thin and belated romanticism. The best of his paragraphs are those which pass from criticism into the lyrical manner of Swinburne, such as this impression of the Prophetic Books:

The drama is the division, death, and resurrection, in an eternal circle, of the powers of man and of the powers in whose midst he fights and struggles. Of this incommensurable action we are told only in broken hints, as of a chorus crying outside doors where deeds are being done in darkness. Images pass before us, make their gesture, and are gone; the words spoken are ambiguous, and seem to have an under meaning which it is essential for us to apprehend. We see motions of building and of destruction, higher than the topmost towers of the world, and deeper than the abyss of the sea; souls pass through furnaces and are remade by Time's hammer on the anvil of space; there are obscure crucifixions, and Last Judgments return and are reënacted.

That is excellent in its kind.

Of Blake's art, Mr. Symons is, we think, a firmer critic than of his poetry, though here he suggests, but does not develop, the essential idea of the decorative nature of the drawings, just as, in the poetry, he suggested, but did not draw out at length, Blake's relation to Swedenborg. The gist of his criticism is in a remark of Rodin's:

I was once showing Rodin some facsimiles of Blake's drawings, and telling him about Blake, I said: "He used to literally

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see those figures; they are not mere inventions." "Yes," said Rodin, "He saw them once; he should have seen them three or four times." There, it seems to me, is the fundamental truth about the art of Blake: it is a record of vision which has not been thoroughly mastered even as vision.

And we may add that there, too, is the truth about the poetry of Blake. So much Mr. Symons might agree to, but he would not admit that this involuntary subjection of the poet to his own fleeting vision, however radiant the vision may be, is the last condemnation of the ultra-romanticism of which Blake was so noble an example, and of which he himself is a dwindling disciple.

Science.

Denatured or Industrial Alcohol. A Treatise on the History, Manufacture, Composition, Uses, and Possibilities of Industrial Alcohol and the Laws and Regulations Governing the Same. By Rufus Frost Herrick. New York: John Wiley & Sons. $4.

Alcohol occupies a peculiar position in the industrial world. It is useful in many manufacturing processes and indispensable in some, yet its use in the various alcoholic beverages of all degrees of strength is so much more extensive as to quite overshadow its industrial aspects. Considered as a luxury, and to a large extent a harmful one, it is seized upon by all governments as an important source of revenue and forced to bear a tax of several times its cost. In the United States, for example, each proof gallon of distilled spirits is taxed by the Government $1.10, about ten times its cost of production, and then additional burdens are imposed in the form of national and local licenses on manufacturers and dealers. European countries have solved the question by releasing from taxation alcohol to which some liquid has been added making it undrinkable, and we have now followed their example.

Mr. Herrick, one of the leaders in the fight for "free alcohol" before the last Congress, has brought together practically all the available information on the manufacture, regulation, and uses of denatured alcohol, and has produced a needed and timely book. That it is deficient in some of the information that we most want is not his fault. What is the sphere of usefulness of industrial alcohol in this country cannot be told until we know how much it is going to cost and this will have to be settled by competition or agreement between the gentlemen most concerned. The popular expectation that, when the free alcohol bill was passed, every farmer could set up a still and run his churn, cradle, and automobile with the by-product of his corn cobs and rotten potatoes is doomed to disappointment. Mr. Herrick takes a sane and conservative view of the subject based upon such data as are available. The first use to be made of denatured alcohol by the general public will probably be in lamps with the Welsbach mantle and in small heaters and motors. Even though it cannot at present compete with gasolene in automobiles and engines, the fact that we have in alcohol a fuel almost as cheap that cannot be exhausted or monopolized will keep down the petroleum products to reasonable prices.

This is an age of specialization, and yet in "Elements of Biology," by George William Hunter (American Book Company), the subjects of botany, zoölogy, and human physiology have been correlated and homologized into a single course. The volume is intended for a general course in biology for first-year students in the high school. On the whole, this rather daring attempt has been successful, and the three enormous fields have been covered in a well-balanced way, and as thoroughly as is possible within the compass of four hundred pages. It would have been better, perhaps, to allow more space to the mammals and less to such comparatively unfamiliar groups as the coelenterates. One of the most valuable features of the book is the number of experiments defined and illustrated, the author rightly holding that a fact or theory is made far more memorable when it can be demonstrated to the pupil. The more important part of the text has been printed in large type, while facts of less moment, directions for field work, etc., are in fine type. In the section on human physiology an interesting innovation is the frequent comparison with corresponding tissues and organs in the common frog, the dissection of which animal, supplemented by a summary of the points of difference, gives the pupil a vivid idea of his own physiology. The illustrations are numerous and generally excellent, and the subject matter is terse, well-chosen, and adapted to the class for which it is intended.

The International Congress of Hygiene and Demography opened in Berlin Monday. Twenty-three countries are represented, including delegates from every continent. Their reports will deal with methods of combating tuberculosis and all forms of contagious diseases; with disinfection, inoculation, and the most recent discoveries concerning the hygienic care of children, working people, soldiers, and sailors; the control of schools, dwellings, barracks; ships, railroads, and other public conveyances; food inspection, water supplies, the disposal of sewage, baths, emigration, the surveillance of ports, birth and death rates, midwifery, and sanitaria. Among the papers presented by American delegates are the following: Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief of the Bureau of Chemistry at Washington, "Legislation Concerning Foodstuffs"; Dr. Stephen E. Baruch of New York, "Public and Factory Baths"; Dr. Herman M. Biggs of New York, "Conquering Tuberculosis, and the Care of Consumptives"; Dr. Richard Pearson Strong, director of the Government Biological Laboratory at Manila, Philippine Islands, "Preventive Inoculation against Plague and Cholera"; Col. William C. Gorgas, chief of the Sanitary Department of the Panama Canal Zone, "Campaign against Yellow Fever"; and Dr. R. G. Freeman of New York, "Milk Control."

Prof. Wilbur Olin Atwater, head of the department of chemistry at Wesleyan University, and widely known on account of his experiments with the calorimeter, died September 22 at Middletown, Conn., after an illness of two years. He was born at Johnstown, N. Y., in 1844, and was graduated from Wesleyan in 1865. He received his doctor's degree from Yale in 1869, and afterward studied at Leipzig and Berlin. He was professor of chemistry at East Tennessee University, and at the Maine State College before he came to Wesleyan. in 1873. While occupying his position at Wesleyan, he was director of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station, 1875-1877; director of the Storrs (Conn.) Experiment Station, 1887-1902; he did considerable work for the United States Department of Agriculture, and from 1903 was chief of the nutrition investigations for that department. With Prof. Edward Bennett Rosa of the Bureau of Weights and Measures, he invented the Atwater-Rosa calorimeter, for experiments on the metabolic changes going on in the human body. His work along this line excited wide interest and comment. Dr. Atwater was the author of numerous articles on physiological and agricultural chemistry, notably (with F. G. Benedict) "An Experimental Inquiry Regarding the Nutritive Value of Alcohol," vol. viii., National Academy of Sciences. He was a member of several foreign scientific societies.

Elmer Robert Reynolds died at Washington on September 18. Born in Danville, N. Y., in 1848, he served in the Union army while still a mere lad. After the war he became a teacher and then an examiner of pensions. Early in his career he began to devote all his leisure to the exploration and study of aboriginal remains in the valleys of the Potomac, Piscataway, Wicomico, Shenandoah, and other rivers. His researches included the mortuary mounds, shell banks, mines, burial places, ancient camps, and earthworks. On the subjects of his investigations he published many monographs, including "Aboriginal Soapstone Quarries in the District of Columbia," "Cemeteries of the Piscataway Indians at Kittamaquindi, Md.," "Aboriginal Shell-Fields of the Potomac and Wicomico Rivers," and "The Shell Mounds, Antiquities, and Domestic Arts of the Choptank Indians of Maryland." He was a founder of the Washington branch of the American Anthropological Society, and its secretary from 1879 to 1881. He was knighted by King Humbert of Italy in 1887, and in 1899 he received a bronze medal from the Royal Portuguese Society of Archæology.

Drama.

Dramatic Traditions of the Dark Ages. By Joseph S. Tunison. Pp. xi., 350. The University of Chicago Press. $1.25 net.

Some years ago Mr. Tunison wrote an interesting book on Master Virgil—Virgil in his mediæval career as prophet and magician. This treatise made no pretence of rivalling Comparetti's well-known work on this subject, yet it told the story clearly and offered an important corrective of Comparetti's fundamental point of view. In the present volume Mr. Tunison returns to the Middle Ages, with distinctly less success. His main purpose is to popularize the investigations of the learned, cumbrous, and eccentric Sathas, who sought to show that whatever dramatic tendencies

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appeared in Western Europe during the Middle Ages were directly inspired by Byzantium. There is certainly a place for an intelligent epitome of Sathas, for though his theories have not been approved by the foremost authorities on Byzantine literature, his material is both important and, in its present shape, well-nigh inaccessible. But the present work will gain no adherents to his cause. In view of the author's modest disclaimers, both here and in his former work, it would be ungracious to cavil at his lack of philological training, his whimsical selection of inferior authorities, his slipshod methods of citation; these things might do no harm if he could keep his fancy within bounds.

It is true enough that an intelligent interest in the stage was cultivated in Byzantium, that scenic exhibitions were given, and that the liturgy of the Eastern Church included dramatic elements. Further, the direct influence of the ancient Greek drama persisted longer in the East than in the West during the closing centuries of the Roman empire. But Byzantium had its own dark ages—from the middle of the seventh to the middle of the ninth century—when no glimmer of interest in the genuine drama is observable. The West had emerged, meanwhile, in the revival of letters under Charlemagne, and from that moment on, it took few lessons from the East. Occasional breaths of influence came in throughout the Middle Ages, but the great mediæval movements, such as scholastic philosophy and the liturgical drama, though building on the past like any movement, were none the less individual creations, and owed nothing to Byzantium. The Byzantine renaissance of the eleventh and succeeding centuries anticipated in its renewed enthusiasm for ancient ideals the Italian humanism of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, but it created no vital movement in the drama, and nothing great in any kind of literature. The revival of the secular drama in the Italian renaissance was inspired in the first instance by Seneca, Plautus, Terence, and other Latin poets. New inspiration came in with the rediscovery and the gradually deepening appreciation of the Greek dramatists; this came of course by way of Byzantium, but there is no significant evidence of direct influences from the Byzantine popular stage.

It would profit little to enumerate here the unfortunate errors and absurd inferences which disfigure this work. We will cite one passage only as a specimen of the author's method. He has stated that the marriage of Otto II. and the Byzantine Princess Theophano "seems to have much to do with the curious literary episode of Roswitha's dramas" (p. 161). We may grant that Roswitha may indeed have picked up a bit of Byzantine Greek, but the immediate model for the structure of her dramas is, as she states in her preface, Terence. Then, speaking of her poetical legends, Mr. Tunison continues (p. 164):

> But Roswitha took an unusual step for her time when she turned for materials to the synaxaries of the Greek Church. The life of St. Pelagius, the histories of St. Proterius, St. Blasius, and St. Dionysius, the martyrdom of St. Agnes, the conversion of St. Theophilus were for the most part material quite fresh in her time. The Theophilus, in particular, was not only new, but was almost the first experiment, so far as the West is concerned, in an endless series dealing with a complicated problem of religion, philosophy, and literature.

The first sentence seems to imply that Roswitha's sources were Byzantine. But where did her materials actually come from? St. Pelagius was a boy martyr of Spain, put to death a few years before Roswitha was born. The calendar knows no St. Proterius; the legend, accessible in Latin translations since the ninth century, is of the slave Proterius, who was converted by St. Basil. St. Blasius is not in Roswitha's list at all; Mr. Tunison or one of his authorities has confused the name with Basilius of the preceding title. Dionysius is the great French saint, who had long since absorbed the career of his Greek predecessor; his life by Hilduin is the acknowledged source of Roswitha's poem. St. Agnes was a favorite in the West from the days of St. Ambrose and Prudentius. The story of Theophilus, that interesting precursor of Faust, Roswitha knew in the ninth century translation by Paulus Diaconus (of Naples). It is surprising, in view of Mr. Tunison's statement here, to find him referring to this translation later (p. 182). Here, then, is a patent case where facts are adjusted by main force to the author's theory.

In this easy fashion all evidences or probabilities or suspicions of a mediæval interest in the drama are scooped by the author into his Byzantine drag-net. The results are valueless for scholarship, and dangerous for seekers of information. This is a pity, as Mr. Tunison has read widely in many fields, and when his obsession is not on him, can write entertainingly and convincingly—as in his remarks on Seneca and Mussato. But it is hard to sift the wheat from the chaff. The author commands plain facts enough to make up a useful popular history of dramatic tendencies in Byzantium and the Western empire, but owing to his vitiated method, he merely gives the impression of being widely misinformed.

The "Three Plays with Happy Endings," by St. John Hankin (New York: Samuel French & Co.), furnish some capital light reading, and each of them has won a measure of success upon the London stage. They are "The Prodigal's Return," "The Charity That Began at Home," and "The Cassilis Engagement." The first and the third were produced under the enlightened management of Granville Barker, a fact which in itself affords some presumption of their superior quality. This they undoubtedly exhibit, but their merits are neither so rare nor so substantial as to justify all the eulogy bestowed upon them by some prominent English critics. In many of the essentials of really vital drama, in sincerity of purpose, in solid as opposed to superficial observation of life, in inventiveness, and in human interest, they are almost totally deficient. They have no plots, present no conflicts of character, and are practically destitute of dramatic action. Moreover, the types which they employ are, in the main, conventional. On the other hand, they are written very cleverly, with plentiful flashes of genuine wit. Familiar as most of the personages are in the world of the footlights—the rich and vulgar parvenu, the complacent parson, the self-excusing wastrel, the East Indian military bore, the quack, the music hall siren, her mother, and their rich young dupe—they are sketched with such happy dexterity and vivacity that they assume a certain semblance of freshness and reality. Mr. Hankin's sentimental enthusiasts in "The Charity That Began at Home" are in a more original vein, but amusing as are their misadventures, the cynical spirit that animates the comedy is not altogether agreeable, while the story itself, what there is of it, is spoiled by manifest extravagance. "The Return of the Prodigal" also, in spite of its many amusing features, leaves a somewhat unpleasant after-flavor, as well as a conviction of its utter improbability. It is only "The Cassilis Engagement" that has a really sound and useful idea at bottom, and in this piece the dramatic workmanship is defective. As a dramatist Mr. Hankin has a good deal to learn, but there ought to be a future for a man who can see the humorous side of things so clearly. But he must not try to imitate Bernard Shaw, as he seems inclined to do now and then. He could scarcely choose a worse model.

"Das Ibsenbuch: Ibsen in seinen Werken, Briefen, Reden und Aufsätzen" (New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.) presents, under the experienced editing of Hans Landsberg, a series of extracts, in prose and poetry, suggesting the dramatist in his varied moods. In the introduction the editor maintains that, since Shakespeare, no foreign poet has exerted an influence on the intellectual life of Germany equal to Ibsen's. There are portraits of Ibsen in his thirtieth, fortieth, fiftieth, sixtieth, and seventieth years, and reproductions from his manuscript. The selections treat of the poet's life, the wisdom of living, reflections on the state and *Kultur*, art, literature, and the theatre, and give parts of his dramas.

Equally attractive typographically are two other volumes of the same sort (Stechert & Co.) dealing with another great dramatist, whose diary and letters are of perennial attraction. "Alles um Liebe" is a collection of Goethe's letters, written in the first half of his life, put together in biographical form, with notes by Ernst Hartung, and a tasteful border and other ornamentation by Käte Vesper-Waentig. Fair Frau von Stein and the dear mother Aja, as well as his sister, Cornelie, Kätchen Schönkopf, and Friederike Brion, are all presented to posterity again as the fortunate recipients of the young poet's missives. "Vom tätigen Leben" is the title of the group of letters written by Goethe later in life, and edited and illustrated by the same persons. Whatever one may think of Goethe and his life, as a whole, or in phases, almost every letter that came from his hand is full of interest.

Although Ibsen's "The Master Builder" has been played in this city, it never had a fairly adequate representation before it was produced in the Bijou Theatre, on Monday evening. It has been pronounced the masterpiece of the author, by some of his most enthusiastic admirers, but from this verdict future critics will be likely to dissent. Undoubtedly, considered in the light of a study in dramatic form of the effect of motives upon character, it is

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a remarkable example of technical skill. It may even be granted that some of the stages of the spiritual conflict create suspense and interest. But as a whole, the drama is tedious, owing to the prevailing drab of its atmosphere, the mean and sordid nature of its principal characters, its prolix discussions, and its general lack of sympathetic quality. As for the symbolism with which it is supposed to be charged, that is so misty, when any attempt is made to extract a consistent meaning from it, that discussion of it would be profitless. The interest in the present performance centred in the Hilda Wangel of Madame Nazimova, an extraordinarily vital and characteristic bit of portraiture. Except in the matters of facial resemblance and verbal accent, it was entirely distinct from either her Hedda or her Norah. The conception was that of a young girl, frank, arch, impulsive, passionate, romantic, and unscrupulous in the pursuit of her ideal. She could be just, tender, or affectionate, upon occasion, as in her dealings with Ragnar, Kaia, and Mrs. Solness, but, at any crisis in her fortunes, promptly demonstrated her possession of the "robust conscience" which she recommended to others. This part Madame Nazimova acted with charming vivacity, strange fascination, and perfect realism. Her by-play was delicate, varied, eloquent, and incessant, her facial expression brilliant, her outbreaks of passion intense and spontaneous. She is undoubtedly an actress of a high order and of rare versatility, but she has yet to undergo the test of the best poetic drama.

Henry Arthur Jones's latest play, "The Galilean's Victory," is to be presented in the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, on September 30. The cast includes a number of favorite performers.

Signor Ermete Novelli will set sail for this country on October 18. He will open his season in this city with one of his last year's successes, "Papa Lebonnard."

Beerbohm Tree has decided to give his first performance of "The Beloved Vagabond" in Dublin, on October 10. This is the four-act play which William J. Locke has made from his own novel of the same name. Mr. Tree, of course, will be Paragot. Soon afterward he will begin rehearsals of Comyns Carr's "Mystery of Edwin Drood." Both these plays will be features of the London season at His Majesty's Theatre.

Music.

A Collection of Sixty-two Songs by Robert Franz. New York: G. Schirmer.

"Fidelio." By Beethoven. G. Schirmer.

Time was when an American edition or reprint of foreign musical works meant poor type, bad paper, careless editing and proofreading, and usurious prices. We have changed all that. To-day there are in the market several series of publications that have few equals abroad. One of these is Schirmer's Golden Treasury of Music, which aims at covering both the vocal and instrumental masterworks. It is pleasant to record that one of the first dozen collections in this series is devoted to Robert Franz, comprising sixty-two of his best songs. They are issued in two volumes containing the same songs, one for high voice, the other for low voice. Such a procedure would not have met with the approval of Franz himself, who used to say that all his songs were written for mezzo-soprano, and who would not allow a transposition to other keys: "It may be possible," he said, "to transpose songs the accompaniments of which are only harmonic stuffing; not mine." Now, while it is true that there are cases where a change of key results in difficult or ugly details, these are of little consequence compared with the disadvantage of having these songs confined to those only whose voice comes within their range. Franz was unpractical, and that is one reason why he had to wait so long for recognition. It must always be a matter of pride to Americans that one of the four greatest of all song writers was really appreciated in full in this country before he was in Germany. H. E. Krehbiel, who has furnished an introduction to the collection, does not refer to that fact; but he has gathered together from Franz's "Boswell" (Dr. Waldmann) and other sources a number of illuminative facts regarding Franz and the songs here presented, which much enhance the value of the volume to singers and students. When these songs were issued by the composer, Wagner and Liszt were among their first and most ardent admirers, and it was natural that they should have been labelled as music of the future. To thousands of amateurs they are still such, the more's the pity.

An introductory essay by Mr. Krehbiel is also included in the latest edition of Beethoven's "Fidelio." The title-page further contains the names of Theodore Baker, who made the English version; the librettist, Josef Sonnleithner; the revisers of the text, Stephan von Breuning and Friedrich Treitschke; the reviser of the vocal score, Gustav F. Kogel; and the composer. "Fidelio" remained his only opera, and if any one wonders why, the story of its fate, which is interestingly told by the editor, provides a full explanation. In speaking of the climax of the opera—the trumpet signal which tells of the approach of the rescuing Minister of Justice—Mr. Krehbiel remarks:

> The device adopted by the late Theodore Thomas and some other conductors, of having this call sounded louder the second time than the first, is without justification either from the dynamic markings of the composer or the dramatic situation from which it is borrowed. The trumpeter is supposed to be stationed on the ramparts of the prison, and there remains; he does not come nearer to the scene of action with the Minister of Justice, of whose approach he was instructed to give warning.

We suspect that conductors will nevertheless continue in their way of doing, which undoubtedly makes the climax more thrilling.

Paderewski will make his only appearance with an orchestra in New York this season with that of the Boston Symphony Society. Among the other soloists are Anton Van Rooy, Theresa Careño, Fritz Kreisler, and Carl Wendling. The subscription sale will open at Carnegie Hall, October 14.

Mme. Nordica, Miss Alice Nielsen, and Señor Contantino will again head the San Carlo Opera Company in this country under the management of Henry Russell. Wagner's operas will be sung in German, and to the operas previously in the repertory "Aïda" and "Martha" are to be added. The orchestra will be under Mr. Conti.

Before Felix Weingartner begins his duties as director of the Imperial Opera, in Vienna, he will make a tour of England and Scotland, playing the piano in a series of programmes devoted entirely to his own chamber music.

Art.

French Furniture. By André Saglio. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

The key-note of Mr. Saglio's book on French furniture is struck in the first page of the Introduction. We are told there that "a history of furniture in such a country as France is very different from a technical review of archæology or art." It is in the attempt to make it something different that the author of such a book often spoils his work—trying to make it a history of tendencies and influences, a philosophical inquiry, to the exclusion of the obvious and necessary facts. The author is often so much in dread of being thought a mere accumulator of detached scraps of information, he is so desirous of showing the consecutive and logical sequence which he has established, that the book runs to metaphysics rather than to narration or art criticism. That is in part the fault of the book before us. The author has a great familiarity with decorative art, as found in the French national collections, and he is familiar with the evolution of French art; but he has wished perhaps to make a thoughtful and a readable book. The result is that we are presented with an essay upon the decorative art of many periods of French history, without being enabled to grasp firmly the manufacture and the design of any one period.

The first chapter deals with the Gallo-Roman epoch and the early middle ages. Here there are no illustrations; and it is admitted that furniture in the usual sense does not exist for our investigation: we have to deal with the stalls of church choirs, and with two or three presses in sacristies. The main purpose of the text is, however, to explain the moral development of early French society. The second chapter pursues this subject; it is a general essay on the ages of Gothic art and of the Crusades, and here again there are no illustrations. It is not till the third chapter that a definite epoch is reached and definite designs come before the reader. Plate 1 is an admirable chest in the Cluny museum, which, though stated to be of the fifteenth century, is late in style—a piece of the early neo-classic rather than of the lingering florid-Gothic. It is hard to see how that piece can be dated so early, while the text opposite, p. 36, dates the choir-furnishing of Amiens as of 1508 and the Church of Brou at Bourg-en-Bresse as of 1522. Plate 3, p. 46, is more frankly Gothic in character, and this also is put down as of the fifteenth century. It must be repeated that the interesting thing in such a case is a nearer approximation to accuracy in dating. If Mr.

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Saglio, with the great authorities which he has at hand in Paris, really thinks that the chest at the Cluny Museum is earlier than the carved stalls of Amiens, or that one given in Plate 3, it would be a great help to us to have the reasons for that opinion, and a close approximation to its date.

An attempted analysis of Gothic art and the social condition which led to it, and an attempted explanation of the classical renaissance brought from Italy into France, occupy the fourth chapter. And here it must be said that the illustrations are extremely well chosen and that they are all half-tones printed as separate plates and all from important originals in the best collections of France. The museums of the Louvre, of the city of Paris at the Hôtel Carnavalet, of the Garde-Meuble, and of the city of Nancy; the national palaces of Compiègne, Fontainebleau, Le Trianon, l'Élysée, and the Préfecture of Indre-et-Loire; the abbey church of St. Denis and famous private collections, have all been called upon for contributions. It is the later period of the fully organized classical renaissance which is drawn upon for illustration, from and including Plate 4 until the close of the work. With this no possible fault can be found. It is the art of this period which the student expects to find in a treatise on French furniture. The reader asks only for a little more candor, and for a confession that the art of the Middle Ages is talked about, only in a general way, while the examples furnished, from which precise lessons are to be learned, date from 1520, or thereabout, and the established classical style.

Chapters viii. and ix., dealing with the Regency, and the periods of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., form naturally the most adequate part of the book, which is one more of Newnes's Library of Applied Art, a series of which we have had occasion to review previous numbers in the *Nation*.

H. M. Caldwell Company has secured the American rights for the little volumes in the Great Galleries of Europe Series, each book containing sixty or more reproductions of the famous pictures in each of the principal galleries of Europe. Four volumes, "The National Gallery," "The Tate Gallery," "The Louvre," and "The Luxembourg," have already been published, and others are in preparation. Concise notes on the pictures or the artists are appended to each reproduction, and the several volumes are prefaced with an historical account of the gallery represented.

It has seemed sometimes that the "modern painter," who writes in the *Burlington Magazine* the articles on "The Case for Modern Painting," would have been more accurate had he called them "The Case of Modern Painting." The instalment in the September number, which deals with the "Ideals of Modern Germany," might, indeed, be called "The Case Against Modern Painting," so much more salutary than laudatory are his remarks. His complaint that modern painters, far from being too much occupied with technique, have much more intelligence than technical power, in which "they are immeasurably inferior to the most unknown and in some respects even contemptible painters of the past" has a great deal too much foundation for our comfort. There is little else of great interest in the letter-press of this number, but the plates, including a color-reproduction of Reynolds's Nelly O'Brien, and a magnificent landscape drawing by Rembrandt, are of the usual high standard. "Art in America" deals with Turner's Fishing Boats Entering Calais Harbor, Corot's Le Lac, and Rousseau's Village of Becquigny, recent additions to the Frick collection; and with the recent growth in this country of interest in our native art as shown, particularly, in the gifts of Charles L. Freer and Mr. Evans to the Smithsonian Institution, and of George A. Hearn to the Metropolitan Museum, and in the purchase of American pictures by the Corcoran Gallery and the St. Louis Museum.

Recent discoveries by the Italian expedition to Crete are described by Luigi Pernier in the *Bollettino d'Arte* for August. The site of a primitive palace has been uncovered at Pheastos. At Prinià has been unearthed a temple of archaic type, with a rude frieze of horsemen. Bits of the sculptured throne of the goddess have also been recovered. The figures include lions and stags of a noble naturalism which seems to have relations both with Mycenæan and Etruscan work. The dates of these extremely archaic reliefs remain problematical. The longest article of the number treats the decorations of the Monastery of the Tor de' Specchi, Rome. These paintings consist chiefly of twenty-six frescoes treating the life of Santa Francesca, comprising twice as many incidents of the legend. These stories are impressive from the point of view of illustration, and seem to be the work of a late fifteenth century Umbrian painter, almost equally inspired by Gozzoli and Bonfigli. They attest the popularity of that Umbro-Roman school which has only recently become the subject of investigation. In the long-neglected Villa Pandolfini, near Florence, whence Andrea Castagno's series of heroes was taken, to be finally deposited in the museum of S. Appollonia, fragments of the incidental decoration, cupids bearing garlands, have been rediscovered. Prof. Cesare Ancona, the proprietor of the villa, has generously presented these fragments to the state. They will be detached from the walls and reunited to the major compositions. With a similar generosity Comm. Vittorio Avondo has given to the state the historic castle of Issogne in Piedmont. It was built towards 1480 for the famous Challant family, has never been greatly marred by restoration, and contains, besides some of the original furniture, an unusual series of frescoes, genre subjects, by artists of the Basle school of the sixteenth century.

The discovery of an important work by Masaccio is announced by Bernhard Berenson in the *Rassegna d'Arte* for August. The panel, which represents the Madonna enthroned with two angels, is in the collection of the Rev. A. F. Sutton at Brant Broughton, England. It appears to belong to the early years of the master, having stylistic similarities with the Madonna with St. Anne of the Accademia, Florence. A fuller study with a reproduction is promised for the near future. Other articles of interest in the number are a partial reconstruction of the work of Girolamo di Giovanni of Camerino, by Mr. Berenson. This painter derived chiefly from the Muranese school, and since he was active before the middle of the fifteenth century, must be regarded as a precursor of Crivelli in the Marches. His only dated piece (1473) is at Monte San Martino. His other works at Camerino, Milan, London, and the current Perugian exhibition, have been variously attributed. By no means a great painter, his work has much charm. Two fine male portraits by Titian, in the city gallery at Verona, and in the Ambrosiana, Milan, are discussed by Dr. Gronau. Although quite in Titian's best manner, they have been neglected by general writers on the subject. Two interesting pen sketches by Carpaccio, studies for the St. Jerome in St. Giorgio degli Schiavoni, Venice, are reported and reproduced by Victor Golubeff from the Dolgoroukoff collection, Moscow. A single number of an art magazine is seldom so well freighted with new and important matter.

The latest addition to the useful picture books on Italian art collections—Raccolte d'Arte—published by the Istituto Italiano d'Arti Grafiche, Bergamo, is "La Galleria dell' Accademia Carrara in Bergamo," by Dr. Gustavo Frizzoni. Dr. Frizzoni's publishers have supplied nearly two hundred half-tone illustrations of quarto size and good quality; and since the Bergamo Gallery abounds in the eclectic painters who chiefly occupy modern connoisseurship this book will be useful to students as a means of quick reference. Cariani, Catena, Becaruzzi, Padovanino, Previtali, and others of their stamp are prominently represented. For what public Dr. Frizzoni's rather perfunctory text is intended is not quite apparent. He not infrequently neglects to give the dates of dated pictures, and then he communicates a recondite bit of criticism from the manuscript remains of Giovanni Morelli. He reproduces Morelli's St. Jerome, ascribed to Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, without giving any hint that it is an old and indifferent copy, the splendid original of which is in the Jarves collection at New Haven. He describes the early Raphael, a St. Sebastian, in the Lochis Gallery, without mentioning the contemporary version in the Boston Museum. This was plausibly attributed to Raphael's studio mate, Lo Spagna, by Berenson, and is one of the strongest bits of circumstantial evidence for the authenticity of the Bergamo example. In short the essay gives habitually either too much or too little. Not quite slight enough to be ignored, it falls far short of scientific thoroughness. One frequently wishes that such books might be published without text, or, better, with a kind of *catalogue raisonné*. But these books are bought for their pictures, and from that point of view the present volume is excellent value at the price of six and a half lire.

Charles Scribner's Sons have issued the third and fourth volumes of the beautifully printed edition of "Don Quixote," Shelton's translation, illustrated by the late Daniel Vierge. When the first two volumes came out, we noticed them at length in our issue of May 9. Concerning these volumes, nothing need be said except that they fully maintain the standard and furnish added proof that Vierge is the ideal illustrator of "Don Quixote." Royal Cortissoz supplies an adequate introduction, in which he discusses the art of Vierge.

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The Autobiography which Augustus Saint-Gaudens wrote shortly before his death is now in the hands of his son, Homer Saint-Gaudens, who will enlarge it with biographical notes upon his father's reminiscences, and with such of Augustus Saint-Gaudens's letters as may be collected. Homer Saint-Gaudens will be grateful to those who will send such letters to him at Windsor, Vt. The letters will be copied, and the originals returned without delay.

Finance.

CASE OF THE SPECULATING MILLIONAIRES.

It was pointed out in this column, several months ago, that the troubles in the financial markets of 1903 were largely due to the fact that enormously rich capitalists had gone into speculation beyond their depth. Facts which have come to light this past week, prove what had long been suspected, that the disorder in the markets of the present year sprang from similar causes.

In 1903 the group of capitalists who suffered most severely were those who had promoted the United States Steel Corporation, the Shipping Trust, and half a dozen other undertakings, whose total capital ran into the thousands of millions. Confident that the public would promptly take all the shares off their hands, they had signed agreements guaranteeing sale, expecting to derive such commissions as the $50,000,000 cash paid for the first "Steel Trust underwriting." While doing this, they indulged extensively in the purchase of other stocks, which also they expected to sell at large profits in the open market. The public would not buy; and when 1903 arrived, the underwriters were compelled to make good their engagements by paying for the new stock out of their own pockets. They were unable to do so except through the sale of extraordinary amounts of their own reserves of high grade securities. The outcome of this forced liquidation was the "rich men's panic" of 1903.

The news of this past week shows that another and probably even wealthier group of financiers had within the past eighteen months got into almost exactly the same scrape. The reader will recall that as far back as the autumn of 1905, signs of a severe strain on American money markets were plainly visible. It was at the close of that year that the Wall Street rate for demand loans rose to 125 per cent.; it was in the following April, 1906, that the New York bank reserves fell below the minimum allowed by law, the first spring deficit since 1882. Conservative bankers recognized these events as danger signals. Yet it was immediately after these warnings that speculation on an enormous scale was suddenly started. Wall Street, whose information on such points is rarely mistaken, ascribed the whole undertaking to the so-called "Standard Oil group."

These men either dominated or actually controlled, in addition to the great oil monopoly, several large railways, among them the Union Pacific; and several industrial companies, among them the Amalgamated Copper. The "inside" speculation in stocks which began in August, 1906, was accompanied by such an increase in dividends of the Union Pacific and other railways as startled and scandalized conservative financiers; it was also accompanied by a rise in the price of copper to the highest figure reached since paper-money days. Every effort was made to create an impression that prosperity was unlimited, and thus stimulate the public to rush in and buy at rising prices the stock of these millionaire speculators. But the public as a whole refused to follow the lead of "high finance." With the American money market and American bank reserves in the condition which existed a year ago, it was flatly impossible to obtain in this country the resources requisite to continue the buying of stocks by the group of millionaires. As a consequence, capital was raised from the foreign markets on a scale which, if the testimony of foreign bankers is to be trusted, has had few precedents in international borrowing.

As events developed, these European borrowings, said at the time to have run into the hundreds of millions, turned out to be insufficient to do more than merely sustain the position of the speculating millionaires. They endeavored to borrow more abroad, but were checkmated by the Bank of England, and from that time on, the door of foreign relief to the already hard-pressed American millionaires was shut.

In an affair of this sort, a retreat of the defeated party is conducted with such secrecy that it is never easy to say precisely how it was effected or in what position the men concerned were left. In this case, events have so fallen out that the facts are now obtainable with unusual clearness. Last March—probably at the time when many of the large foreign loans fell due and had to be paid off—selling of high-grade securities in enormous quantities broke the back of the stock market. At that time it was familiar comment that only from powerful capitalists could such liquidation have proceeded; on a declining market, without actual insolvency. In May another spasm of liquidation seized the market, undoubtedly due to the efforts of these same persons to extricate themselves. In August, a month when demoralized Stock Exchange markets are rare, came another sacrifice of stocks, even greater in volume than that of March or May.

The precise cause of this midsummer collapse is now disclosed—the straits in which one of the wealthiest members of this group had run through almost incredible recklessness in his personal ventures. Not content with the rash and ill-timed speculation on the Stock Exchange, in which he and his associates had engaged, he had undertaken, chiefly in reliance on his private resources, construction of a railway involving $40,000,000 capital. Before the railway had approached within sight of profit-earning, $10,000,000 cash had been required. This requirement came at the very time, last spring, when old and well-known railways in the highest credit were issuing short-term notes, at 6 per cent. interest or higher, to raise urgently-needed capital. An enterprise such as has just been described, naturally found little welcome in such a market; to raise the $10,000,000 the capitalist in question had to assume as a personal liability the notes put out, at a rate amounting to nearly 8 per cent. Nor was even this accommodation permanent; the notes soon matured. Apparently, they could not be renewed, and it was sales of the unlucky endorser's personal investment securities at an extraordinary sacrifice, to secure the money, which crushed the stock market last August.

The result of this whole episode, which began thirteen months ago with the Union Pacific's increased dividend, has been to impair the fortunes of three or four of the richest men in the United States, almost as heavily as it has impaired their prestige. On the financial markets, the disclosures have been received with mingled feelings; relief that the process has at last been completed is perhaps the prevailing sentiment. Presumably the explicit disclosures would not have been made at all, until after the forced liquidation had run its course, and the embarrassment of its victim was at an end. What will be the longer sequel is a matter of conjecture. The one sure inference is, that a lesson has been taught to the speculating millionaires which they are not likely to forget in the present generation.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abrahams, Israel. Short History of Jewish Literature. Scribners.
American Jewish Year Book. Edited by Henrietta Szold. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society of America.
Aston, W. G. Shinto, the Ancient Religion of Japan. London: Archibald Constable & Co.
Bailey, Temple. Judy. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Battle, Kemp P. History of the University of North Carolina. Vol. 1. Raleigh, N. C.: Edwards and Broughton Printing Co.
Beale, Harriet S. B. Stories from the Old Testament for Children. Duffield & Co. $2.
Beveridge, Albert J. The Bible as Good Reading. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co. 50 cents.
Bonds and Investment Securities. The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. Philadelphia.
Bruce, Philip Alexander. Economic History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century. 2 vols. Macmillan Co. $5 net.
Buchanan, Alfred. The Real Australia. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.50 net.
Bunyan's Grace Abounding and Pilgrim's Progress. Edited by John Brown. Putnams.
Burnett, Frances Hodgson. The Cozy Lion. Century Co. 60 cents.
Chatterton-Hill, George. Heredity and Selection in Sociology. Macmillan Co. $4.50 net.
Christ that is to Be. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Craig, Neville B. Recollections of an Ill-Fated Expedition. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $4 net.
Duncan, Robert Kennedy. The Chemistry of Commerce. Harpers. $2 net.
Edwards, Alba M. The Labor Legislation of Connecticut. Macmillan Co.
Elkington, E. Way. The Savage South Seas. Macmillan Co. $6 net.
Emerson's Essays. Edited by Mary A. Jordan. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 40 cents net.
Escott, T. H. S. Society in the Country House. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $4 net.
Escrich, Enrique Pérez. Fortuna. Edited by Edward Gray. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Ferguson, William Scott. The Priests of Asklepios. Berkeley, Cal.: University Press.
Gayley, Charles M. Plays of our Forefathers. Duffield & Co. $3.50 net.
Gerson, Virginia. The Happy Heart Family. Duffield & Co. $1.
Gibson, Elizabeth. A Book of Reverie. John Lane Co. 50 cents net.
Great Golfers in the Making. Edited by Henry Leach. Philadelphia. George W. Jacobs & Co. $2.50 net.
Griffis, William E. The Japanese Nation in Evolution. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25 net.
Grinnell, George Bird. Jack the Young Trapper. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.25.
Guest, Antony. Art and the Camera. Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Hall, G. Stanley. Youth, Its Education, Regimen and Hygiene. Appletons.
Hankin, St. John. Three Plays with Happy Endings. Samuel French.
Harrison Fisher Book. Introduction by J. B. Carrington. Scribners.
Hazen, Allen. Clean Water and How to Get It. John Wiley & Sons. $1.50.
Höcker, Gustav. Joseph Hydn. Translated by George P. Upton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Harboe, Paul. A Child's Story of Hans Christian Andersen. Duffield & Co. $1.50.
Harris, Maurice H. History of the Mediæval Jews. Published by the author.
Hood, Thomas. Faithless Nelly Gray. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 75 cents.

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Huckel, Elizabeth J. Songs of Motherhood. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cents net.
Hugo, [illegible]. Les Miserables, 2 vols.; Notre Dame; Ninety-Three; Toilers of the Sea; Man Who Laughs; Hans of Iceland; Bug Jargal. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
Inland Stories. Retold from St. Nicholas. Century Co.
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Journals of the Continental Congress, 1774-1789. Edited by Worthington C. Ford. Vol. VIII. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Lumpson, G. Locker. A Consideration of the State of Ireland in the Nineteenth Century. Dutton. $5 net.
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Silberrad, Una L. The Good Comrade. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Singer, Hans W. Dresden, the Royal Picture Gallery. *Translated by Martin Sampson.* Leipzig.
Southern Stories. Retold from St. Nicholas. Century Co.
Steiner, Bernard C. The Life and Correspondence of James McHenry. Cleveland, O.: Burrows Brothers Co.
Stephenson, Robert Nilson, and George Hembert Westley. Clementina's Highwayman. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
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Stories of the Great Lakes. Retold from St. Nicholas. Century Co.
Strachey, Lionel. Memoirs of an Arabian Princess. Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.50 net.
Swan, Charles Herbert. *Impersonal Taxation.* Philadelphia: American Academy of Political and Social Science.
Sweetser, Kate Dickinson. Boys and Girls from Thackeray. Duffield & Co. $2.
Tomlinson, Everett T. The Camp-Fire of Maid Anthony. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
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